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# THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC AND PROHIBITION.

## AN APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY D. R. LOCKE.

There is but one evil thing in the United States that is above law—one evil that is sacred—one evil that the leading politicians are afraid to touch, and that one evil is liquor, the greatest curse that afflicts humanity, the one curse that includes all others. Law makers are not at all tender upon Mormonism, nor do they hesitate at all to attack other sins of omission and commission. Congress dares to reach out its restraining hand against railroad oppression, and legislatures pass all sorts of laws protecting the people against all sorts of evil, that worry or even threaten them, but this curse, Rum, alone is sacred. The Distillers, Brewers, the Wholesale and Retail Dealers in this form of Death, have warned the politicians to keep their hands off, that this traffic must be permitted to go on its course unquestioned and unmolested. The right to buy, sell and use the product of the mash-tub, either in the form of whisky or beer, is the one thing that law must let entirely alone, because it is superior to law. Originally they had no objection to Sunday observance, but when they came to think that workingmen are, as a rule, paid off Saturday night, and that, having nothing to do Sunday, there was a chance to drug them with beer and rob them of their week's wages, they insisted upon the repeal of all Sunday laws. To observe the Sabbath is to interfere with the beer trade, and the beer trade must not be interfered with. They opposed with great vehemence the closing of saloons on election days, because it kept the candidates from drugging voters with their product, and warred against their interest. Whatever law the people have got that is against liquor has been got by the hardest.

On what grounds do the makers and venders of, this poison base their right to spread disease, insanity and death, without restriction, through the land? These are the most commonly quoted.

*The community has not the right to say to the individual what he shall and shall not use, each one being responsible to himself only.*

This is a lie from the ground up. The community does regulate everything that needs or that is thought proper to regulate. It is one of the conditions of belonging to a community that some part of personal liberty is resigned into the hands of the community at large, for mutual good. Possibly a majority have the right to eat tainted meat, but does not the law step in and forbid the seller of meat to vend it? The law does not say you shall not use tainted meat, but the law does forbid any one from selling the stuff to you or any one else. The law does not say you shall not use poisons upon yourself, but the law does prescribe exactly under what conditions a druggist may sell them to you. In fact there is not a thing relating to eating, drinking, medicine and many other things that the law does not claim the right to prohibit, regulate, restrict and restrain. Only Rum claims exemption from this regulating and restraining power. Is one thing which of all others needs restraint and restriction is the one thing which demands absolute exemption, and to its demands it seems that all politicians and all those who aspire to political honors are willing to yield willing assent.

*The Public has no right to make a law saying what one shall and shall not drink.*

Prohibitionists do not claim the right to make such a law. The Prohibitory laws do not prescribe what one shall eat or drink—they simply prohibit the traffic in a certain poison which the experience of the ages has demonstrated to be fraught with evil and misery. That liquor will be manufactured, sold and drank despite Prohibitory laws there can be no question. It is too much to hope that a vice that has been entwining itself about the weak, inexperienced and credulous for thousands of years can be done away with at once by mere enactment of law.

No law can prohibit its use—all that law can do is to save the people, or a part of them, by declaring its sale illegal. And why not? The sale of liquor cannot be compared with the sale of anything else. The dealer in flour gives an equivalent for the money that is paid him, and his wares build up manhood instead of destroying it. Before passing upon the question as to the right of a community to say whether or not intoxicants shall be sold, please consider the nature of the traffic, the methods by which it is conducted, and its effect upon the weak and helpless of mankind.

Commence with the broad fact that no human being ever took, or can take, a drop of spirituous liquors into the system, without incurring great danger. Remember that every drop taken creates a call for more, that continued indulgence means unlimited indulgence. These are physiological facts which cannot be disputed or gainsaid. Everybody knows them to be facts. Follow this up with the other also acknowledged facts that continued indulgence means the total wreck of the man, body and soul, that no man can be a good citizen who indulges in it, that no man is fit to be a father under its influence, and that whoever gets under its influence, if not a criminal, is certain to become a pauper.

Now clinch these statements, and I defy any one to disprove them, with the worst fact of all, that the liquor business as it is now constituted is a legalized institution and buys, that it is organized on a basis of creating an appetite for alcoholic stimulants in men and boys for the profit that it is to be made out of them, that—but I may as well specify.

The beer business has become one of the most extensive interests in the country. It has in Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Toledo, Rochester and other cities millions of dollars invested, and is probably better and more thoroughly organized than any one business in the world. There is a net profit to the brewer of $2 a barrel on every one made and consumed.

The brewer consequently wants to sell as much of his product as possible, and he wants to swell the product to the outside limit, and he does it. How does he do it? The process is very simple. He devotes his money and his genius to the *making* of customers, to the *creation* of appetites. He does not wait till customers come to him—he goes out and pulls in the men and boys and makes customers of them.

The first step is to start the saloon. He takes some seedy wretch who wants an easy life and cares not how he gets it, and rents for him a room, which he fits up for a saloon. He puts in it tables, chairs, a bar, a beer cooler and a billiard table, fencing off a private room in the rear for boys who can therein be instructed in cards and other games. The brewer charges up to the insect he employs the rent of the room, interest on the cost of the fixtures, &c., and leaves it in his possession, the only condition being a monthly payment of the rent and interest, and the sale of one, two, three or four kegs of beer per day, according to the location.

Now, mind you, the saloonkeeper does not own a penny's worth of these fixtures, and his retaining possession of them depends entirely upon the amount of his sales.

What does he do? Why, he makes the acquaintance of every boy in the neighborhood, and entices him into his den and teaches him cards and billiards, and gives him credit for the beer he loses, and makes the downward road as easy for him as possible. He takes the daily papers, and the illustrated weeklies, especially all of the nasty class, and he invites the workingmen of his neighborhood to sit by his warm stove in the winter, or in the cool room in the summer, and enjoy themselves, and too many of them require too little urging. By the way, these man-traps are always located with reference to factories and places that employ men. They are always placed in the way of the largest number possible.

Then he puts upon his counter a free lunch, made up of such things as dried beef, smoked and salted, picked codfish called, Rum and Beer are the two great destroyers of trade and business. Every nickel paid for Beer is just that much withdrawn from legitimate trade. The drunkard and his family not only do not bear any of the burdens of society, directly, for they pay no taxes, but they contribute little or nothing by way of profits on trade to the general prosperity. They do not eat one-fifth of what they should, because Beer demands all the earnings of the head of the family. The head of the family does not earn one-fourth of what he should, because Beer unfits him for labor. The butcher is defrauded out of his share of what the drunkard should earn and expend for meat, the baker is in the same category, and so is the dry goods merchant, the clothing man, and all tradesmen. The drunkard's family never wear a tenth part of the shoes they should, and as for other clothing, the expenditure is next to nothing. What good clothing and good food they have is donated to them by the charitable, which is an addition to the tax burden piled upon those who do earn money.

Take the amount of money expended in any village which has a saloon, and distribute it among the legitimate tradesmen, and it would make a difference that would be felt.

Does any one know of a confirmed drunkard who has supported the saloons and built a house for himself at the same time? Does any one know of a drunkard who has bought a piano for his daughters? Does any one know of a drunkard's family that is sufficiently fed, clothed and shod? Of course not. Now mind you, every dollar that they should use for the comforts and luxuries of life, articles that every human being is entitled to, that they are compelled to go without because of beer, has been diverted from the legitimate channels of trade that it may go into beer. The tradesmen are defrauded; it is they who are supporting the brewer and saloonkeeper.

If there is a class on earth who from a dollar and cent motive should oppose Rum it is the mercantile class, the dealers in legitimate goods. They are entitled to the money that flows into the beer-seller's till, they are entitled to relief from the taxes the brewers impose upon them, they are entitled to the money the drunkard would earn were he not a drunkard.

Take your pencil, sit down and make your own figures. It is easy enough, and when you have figured up what Rum and Beer are costing you, you will be much wiser on the subject than you are now. If you live in a Beer-cursed village, note the effect of beer upon those who should be your best customers, and see how much the infernalism is taking out of your pocket every day. You will be somewhat astonished at the result.

AN AGGRESSIVE TRAFFIC.

Keep this one fact in mind and don't let go of it—the liquor business, since the introduction of lager beer, is not a passive but an aggressive evil. The beer-seller does not lie quietly in wait for his victims, but he goes out and seeks them. The brewer, with his agents who prey at his command, has a regular system of trapping boys and weak men, and he pursues them with the eagerness of a sleuth-hound. His business is based upon the physiological fact that the stomach once accustomed to his beverage will have it, at no matter what cost, and his profits depend entirely upon the number of stomachs he can capture. In discussing the rights and wrongs of Prohibition always bear this in mind, for these facts are indisputable.

Suppose a man should fit up an opium resort, and should entice boys to visit it, should furnish them with opium on credit till the horrible habit was fixed upon them, that he might make a profit by furnishing them the fatal drug. How long would it be before law would be invoked to suppress him? And if there should be found no law upon the statute books, how long would it be before one would be made to fit the case?

Are rum and beer any more sacred than opium? Opium in its effects upon society is not a tithe as dangerous as beer. The victim of the opium habit does not go violently crazy—the damage he does is mostly to himself. He becomes worthless, and seldom, and dies in his filth—he does not commit murder under its influence nor does he become a standing menace to the peace of a community. Opium does not make an irresponsible maniac of a man—it simply kills the victim.

Suppose a thief should be found enticing boys into a den where they were being trained for thieves. Would not the strong hand of the law seize the villain and would not the law stretch forth its hand to protect society against him? Certainly it would. Now, what does the saloon-keeper do? What is he paid by the brewer for doing? Why, he entices boys into his den, feeds them with a poison so well known to contain to bring them into criminal courses as they are to live. In many instances the boy is trained directly in thieving and lawlessness, but even if he be not, an appetite is fixed upon him that has but that one end. Every drop of beer is a criminal or pauper maker. There is no escape from it.

And while we are discussing the moral influence of these places and the business conducted therein, did any one ever know of anything good in them? They are notoriously the resort of thieves, burglars and highwaymen. Criminals flock to the rum-shops as naturally as bees to flowers. In the dark back rooms of these hell-holes their plans are formed, from these places they issue forth to perpetrate their villainy, and to them they fly for refuge when pursued. Every thieves' resort is a whisky shop, and every receiver of stolen goods is a whisky seller. Crime and whisky are inseparable—they go hand in hand.

In the better class saloons the prize-fighters, the horse racers and gamblers are to be invariably found. It is at saloons that matches are made and the preliminaries arranged, and in many cases the degrading "sports" are held in convenient rooms back of them.

Did you ever notice the literature furnished at these places, and the style of the adornments? Flash newspapers, sporting newspapers, with illustrations calculated to incite to lechery and sin, stories glorifying cut-throats and highwaymen, pictures on the walls of the most lascivious and demoralizing nature, this is the kind of mental food that you are treated to at these places before they graduate into absolute criminality.

The very atmosphere is death. There is not a good thing about the best of them. They are rotten all the way through.

If the people for the sake of their children have not the right to protect them from the pursuit of these man-traps, then humanity has no right to invoke law for any purpose.

RUM IN POLITICS.

Rum is demoralizing and destructive in everything it touches. It deadens every good sense a man has, and stimulates all his bad ones, reducing its victim, always, to the level of a brute. It leaves nothing of the man in him or about him, but the shape, and it goes a long way toward the destruction of that. Rum subordinates everything to itself. An appetite that has power enough to strip the shoes off of women and children, to make bold even scare-crows of them, does not leave respect enough in a man to discharge any of the duties of citizenship.

The Rum-seller and the Beer-maker have no politics and never had. Their politics is beer. To the one thing, Beer, everything else is subordinated. The only question he asks himself is, "How will this or that measure affect Beer?" and they vote and use their vast influence in whatever way will sell the most beer. Naturally he mixes in politics, for several reasons. He has a direct money interest in it. First they want the power to defeat maulting or prohibitory legislation, secondly they want it understood that they control and that they must be consulted on all measures proposed. They want the candidates for public favor to consult them, they want them all to understand that office is impossible except through them.

And they do not forget when they serve they have the power. For example, in Toledo there are about 18,000 voters. There are 800 whiskey and beer-shops, each of which gives employment to at least one man beside the proprietor. This makes 1,600 voters. Add five enormous breweries with 100 employees each and you have 2,100. Now as it would be a poor saloon-keeper who could not at least control two votes, from among the rum-soaked wretches who frequent his place, and you add 1,600, making a total of 3,700, which goes a long way toward making a balance of power in a vote of 18,000.

But the power does not stop at this. There are the branches of trade more or less dependent upon the brewing interest. There is the cooperage, the bottlers, the cigar-makers, the ice men, the cracker and pretzel bakers, and a score of other employments whose operatives are more or less dependent upon the trade by the brewers, all the way down. It is safe to say that in the city of Toledo alone the beer interest controls a vote of 4,500, or about one-fourth of the whole.

Inasmuch as this vote can be and is controlled by the one interest, at every election no matter what it is for, is it not a power to be feared? What it does can be very easily estimated. What did it do for New York? It was the rum-shops that put Boss Tweed in power and kept him there till he had nearly ruined the city. It was the Rum-shop vote that brought Chicago to the very verge of ruin, and the rum vote is eating at the vitals of every city on the continent. It elects presidents, senators and members of congress. It puts its minions upon the bench, and has control of the courts. It rules the country to-day, and the measure of its power is the extent of its desires.

It is the most dangerous political element that ever existed, because of the ease with which so great a vote can be handled and because of the ease and certainty with which it can procure money for political purposes. Prior to one election which the brewing interest desired to carry in Ohio, they levied $10 each upon every saloon-keeper in the state. In the city of Toledo alone this levy produced $8,000, which was collected in one day. You who have collected money for political, church or any other purposes, have no such facilities. You have to beg and beg, and take such sums as are grudgingly given you—this interest simply states to those dependent upon it the amount they are expected to pay, and they walk up and pay it and there an end.

It was the case with which money can be raised out of the saloons that enabled the Rum-fiends of Michigan to defeat the Prohibitory amendment this spring. They collected vast sums in Michigan, and in addition to this the brewers of Ohio and Milwaukee contributed very liberally for they have their profit in debauching the youth of Michigan. The brewing interest of the whole United States would have contributed had it been necessary, for their plan is to kill out and discourage Prohibition sentiment everywhere.

It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the results that flow from this debauching the ballot box. Water will not rise above its level, nor are those elected to any office any better than the voters who elect them. The saloon interest having the power to elect, elects its own tools. In the beer-ridden cities the police boards and police courts are always controlled by the saloon interest, and they do go so far as to lay their wretched hands upon the school boards. Whatever gives employment to men, whatever has money or place to distribute the saloon-interest claims and gets, wherever it has the strength.

Think for a moment of the crime-making classes controlling the police and the courts, and giving the control of the pauper classes to those who make the paupers! Is it any wonder that crime and criminality is on the increase in every state where liquor holds sway, unchallenged and unchecked? And it is getting worse and worse every year. The saloon power halted for a time at municipal and legislative control. They were once satisfied with the control of municipal officers and state legislatures, but they have long since gone by that. It aspires now to control in the national government. It has put its foul hand upon seats in Congress, and the Senate, and has the audacity to propose terms for the Presidency itself. It wants control of the Supreme Court of the United States, as it has controlled for years the Supreme Benches of many states.

Heaven help us if this power be not destroyed, and that quickly.

DOES PROHIBITION PROHIBIT.

If by Prohibition is meant the entire suppression of Liquor selling and Liquor Drinking, No. It has not and cannot, for years, root out the traffic, any more than has assault, theft do away entirely with stealing. I know of no law that is not broken, and it would be singular if laws so easily violated as those against the sale of liquor should not be.

But Prohibition has accomplished great good, and has done all and more than its most sanguine advocates hoped for. It has driven the open saloon out of existence, and confined the sale of intoxicants to holes and corners. The penalties put upon the traffic make it unsafe for the liquor seller to deal out his poison except to confirmed sockers whose uncontrollable appetite make it absolutely safe. The gilded saloon with all its attractions is no more. Prohibition, where it is half enforced, has *saved the boys and the weak men.* This is its great work, the saving of the boys. If it does nothing but that it is worth a thousand times its cost. The confirmed drunkards can not be saved, or, at least, a great percentage of them. They will have it. But the business of drunkard-making Prohibition kills. It cuts off the supply of human material, and ensures the safety of the coming generation.* This is the great work it has to accomplish, and this it does do. It saves the youth. Here is in Maine to-day a generation who know not the taste of Rum, and Prohibition enacted 33 years ago is to be credited with this grand result. If Prohibition does not hamper the trade, why is it so bitterly opposed by the Brewers? It, as they assert, it cannot be enforced, why do they spend their millions to prevent its enactment? It does all that we expect of it. It removes temptation from weak men, and absolutely prevents boys from procuring it at all. *Save the boys and in thirty years the country will not know the curse.*

IN CONCLUSION.

I have simply skimmed the surface of this question, the most important one now before the American people. The vice of Intemperance is the standing menace to the church, the school, and the community at large. It is a wide stream, with self-loam banks into which the current is entering with frightful rapidity and still more frightful persistence. It threatens the existence of everything that is good and the dominance of everything that is bad. Let it go on as it is now going, and in twenty years it will control everything. The American people have a greater danger becoming a race of drunkards. It is time there should be an awakening on this subject, a thorough and complete awakening. Wherever prohibition has been tried it has proven a great and incalculable good. It has saved Maine, and in Iowa, Kansas and Georgia it is doing an equally beneficent work. Texas will adopt it in August, and it will spread from state to state till it has conquered the nation. All that is wanted is organization and work. There is not a state in the country that has not a majority in favor of Prohibition could it only be gotten together. It is high time that this union for Protection be made. Reader, what will you do toward it?

*For facts concerning the effect of Prohibition in Maine send for a leaflet published by the BLADE, on the operation of Prohibition in Maine. For terms see advertisement on 5th page.

### Where is Heaven?

This singular question was put to Sam Jones, the evangelist, by one of his wealthy church members in Georgia, whose cotton crop yielded him some $40,000 last year. "Where is heaven?" said the rich planter.

"I'll tell you where heaven is," said Mr. Jones. "If you go down to the village and buy fifty dollars worth of groceries, put them in a wagon and take them to the poor widow on the hillside, who has three of her children sick. She is poor and is a member of the church. Take with you a nurse and some one to cook their meals. When you get there read Psalm xxiii., and kneel by her side and pray. Then you will find out where heaven is." Next day, as the evangelist was walking through the village, he met the wealthy planter, his face beaming with joy. He spoke after this manner: "Mr. Jones, I've found out where heaven is. I went and did as you directed me. We took up the wagon load of groceries, and the widow was completely overcome with joy; could not express her thankfulness. I asked her the 23d psalm my heart was filled with thankfulness to God, and when I prayed the angels came down and I thought I was nearer heaven than I had ever been before in my life. I left the nurse and the cook in her humble dwelling, and promised her she should never suffer as long as I could help her."

### Brought Out of a Blue Flunk.

The empress of Austria has a passion for doing graceful things gracefully. Traveling by steamer to Orsova a week ago, one of the gentlemen was unlucky enough at dinner to upset a glass of red wine upon her majesty's dress. The gentleman was in what it is, I believe, correct to describe as a "blue flunk," but shortly afterwards the empress, who had not been a bit cross, consoled the awkward man by presenting him with a breastpin in brilliants

## Poetry.

For the Blade.

### MEMORIAL POEM—MAY 30, 1887.

BY N., WAMPUM, PA.

What length'ning years have passed away,
Since Sumter's solemn thunder broke!
How from each Northern hill awoke,
The echoes that presaged the fray!

The stirring drum! The bugle call!
When Treason with envenomed tongue,
Her plandits of secession rung!
While common ruin threatened all!

And there were feelings such as lift
The daring soul to higher life
And fit it for a nobler strife,
As from the chaff, the grain we sift!

And thousands found a nameless grave!
Went forth at Duty's solemn beck,
Went down amid the battle's wreck,
That on our flag each star should wave!

Our valiant dead are living yet!
Their heritage, immortal fame!
In Freedom's more exalted name,
Bright diadems forever set!

With love, we strew bright flowers to-day,
O'er brothers who their bosoms bared,
O'er comrades who for duty dared
Their threatened country's call obey!

Sleep, brothers in the laureled blue!
Rest, sleepers in the shrouded gray!
Columbia grieves for all to-day!
On blue and gray falls Heaven's dew!

And list'ning love can comfort bring,
For wand'rers gone from mortal sight,
A star gleams through our sorrow's night!
Hope hears the rustle of a wing!

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At *revelle* they met elate;
At noon in valor's martial might!
The sunset brought celestial light—
Their tattoo beat at Heaven's gate!

For the Blade.

### WAITING.

BY EMMA J. BELL.

Waiting, while they fall around us,
Thickens autumn leaves are strown,
Fathers, brothers, sons and lovers,
By the Rum power overthrown.
Waiting, while the hearts are breaking;
Waiting, while our sons are doomed;
Standing by the yawning chasm,
Where our fondest hopes are tombed.

Waiting, 'mid the tears and sobbings,
With our heart-strings rent in twain;
Waiting, as the doomed are waiting,
With despair in heart and brain.
With the fires of hell within them,
Flaming walls on left and right,
From behind, Rum's slave-lash scourging,
And before them darkest night.

Ah, this vast despairing legion!
Hear ye not their tears and groans,
As ye heard, on Southern breezes,
Echoes of the bonds'men's moans?
Will the hands that broke their fetters,
Less humane and willing be,
When thy mother's son, thy brother,
Groans and labors to be free?

Waiting for the weak responses
Of the tardy volunteers,
Waging sare, unequal battle
Through the weary months and years.
Waiting for slow legislation,
Waiting for the lagging priest,
Fighting on and fainting never,
Hoping most and gaining least.

Waiting not with lips closed dumbly,
Not with idly folded hands,
But with faith that firmly grounded
On the Rock of Ages stands.
Waiting with a trust unfaltering,
Though our tears are streaming fast;
Thus we wait the day of victory,
Knowing it will come at last.

## Our Story Teller.

# MONSIEUR LE PASTEUR.

CHAPTER I.

Service was over. The last hymn had been sung with all the vigor of mountain lungs; the last wooden shoe had clattered down the paved aisle; the last voice had died away on the still, pine-scented air, and then the minister lifted his sad young face off the cushion of the high narrow pulpit and came slowly down the steps into the church.

Outside, among the hills, the sunshine lay in belts from peak to peak, and the Sabbath stillness was unbroken save for the hum of bees or the far-off slumberous twittering of birds; but the four white-washed walls of the ugliest building in the whole canton held quite straight-backed pine-wood pews, homely and inartistic, and square, ill-fitting windows that dimmed the daylight without owning the power to exclude chilly draughts or keen northeasters.

The minister sighed as he lifted his hat off the little deal table fronting the pulpit, and went slowly out into the sunshine. Perhaps the unloveliness of his surroundings forced itself with scarcely recognized intrusiveness on his notice; perhaps his thoughts, following his heart, had escaped his control and were far away.

On the narrow path between the patches of scanty turf belonging to the still churchyard among the pines, the old sexton paced slowly, sunning himself in sabbatical solemnity.

"You are waiting to lock up, Carton?"

"Yes, sir."

"There was a very good congregation today."

"Very, sir."

"It is lovely weather even for August."

"Yes, indeed, sir."

Having uttered the familiar words of salutation which, week in, week out, scarcely varied, the minister passed on between the low graves that lay on either side of him, and approached the highroad.

He was a man of seven or eight and twenty, or thereabouts, slight, dark, delicate-looking, with an indefinable something about him speaking of culture and scholarship—a something odd and out of place in the remote little parish on the upper ranges of the habitable Alps, where a score or two of peasants loved him and called him "M. le Pasteur." Of course they did not understand him, but thorough comprehension is not an essential of reverance, and they understood enough to know that he was very wise and learned, and so far above them that he must be very close to heaven. They were a little afraid of him, of course, but that was only right and fitting—far more afraid of him than the children were, who took him flowers, and their best wood carvings and pieces of honey when such things could be spared for presents by careful mothers at home.

Chased by the unusual warmth of that summer day, the mists had shrunk and shrivelled into obscure corners of the valley. In the higher air a score of larks carolled joyously; from the neglected turf on the quiet graves, the bright-eyed daisies raised their innocent faces smilingly.

Nature was fair there for once, and yet he shivered as he looked around him. Did not even the beauty speak of loss and isolation and death?

"You have kept me here so long! I thought you were never coming."

"Did you wait for me?"

"Yes."

"How good of you! I never thought of that."

He had lifted his hat hurriedly, and was standing bareheaded before the girl who had addressed him.

"We shall part for good so soon, and you have avoided us so much of late that I must make occasions of seeing you."

"You are very kind."

"Kind to myself, yes. Do you think I am so little grateful as to owe you all I do without—loving you somewhat in return?"

Loving him! She said the word quite simply, translating into her sweet hesitating French, yet he quivered as heedlessly and stupidly as though he had misunderstood.

He muttered something in his throat, not looking at her, but at the ghostly mists in the valley.

"Do you know why I waited for you here?" she went on, looking at him with mingled laughter and sorrow in her sweet blue English eyes. "Because it was here I met you first, and here it seems fitting, somehow, to talk with you last, when I am so sorry. It is nearly a year since we came here, mother and I, and took possession of you, because we were strangers, and you were the only civilized inhabitant in our newly discovered territory. And you were so kind—do you remember? I knew at once that I should like you, though I did not guess how dear everything here would grow."

He could not speak. He was leaning on the rustic gate, with his haggard face resting on his hand and his eyes averted.

"And you took us to the sweet old chateau—do you remember?—and told us you knew Madame la Baronne, and that she would let us have her house while she was in Italy. And do you remember how anxious mother was, that you should be quite sure that we were not adventuresses, and how she referred you to the Ambassador at Berne, and how you set all explanation aside with the perfect courtesy that is only learned in the schools of France?"

"I remember something of all this."

"But I am sure you don't remember all the pleasure you gave; how you used to read to us by the fire and play the organ to us in the old hall, and teach us to forget all the joy and pain of England."

"Don't!"

He raised his hand with a gesture as though he would avert a blow. And the vague sadness in his face had expressed itself at last, and it was pain.

How cruel she was in her sweet kindness, how cruel to remind him of all he had gained, of all he was so soon to lose! Ah, those dear dead days in which she had been all the world to him, those long, bright evenings in the old, shadowy, fragrant rooms of the castle, amid the mellow lights of the wide hearth and the many-armed chandeliers; with the organ beneath his fingers interpreting all he felt, and the glow from the fire falling on her face and finding out the dimple in her cheek, the sweet curves of her neck, or the fragrant blossoms that rose and fell with every breath she drew! How cruel she was to recall it all, as he stood here in the cold sunshine, while shadowy hands beckoned her away from him!

If there anything the matter?"

"I am weary—that is all."

"So I thought to-day, and that is another reason why I wish to speak with you. You looked ill during service, and your sermon was strange—not glad as when I knew you first, but only resigned, as though you were trying to suffer and be strong. You are not unhappy?"

"Oh, no."

"Because, if you are, no one will be sorrier than I, no one having so much right. You have done so much for me," she went on with a little quiver of the lips; "you have made the world seem tolerable after I had grown so weary of it. You have taught me strength for the acceptance of pain and the doing of duty. But for you I should never have had courage to go back to England."

He laughed harshly and mirthlessly.

"Then I have sent you away."

"I think so."

"That is so like my fate."

"What do you mean?"

When you go away my sun will have set; all my future will be spent in darkness then."

She shrank away from him, and the sweet roses on her cheeks paled a little.

"I did not mean to tell you," he went on. "The sun will pass you, and do me no good. But you have come to me in my weakest hour, and so I must speak. I love you, have loved you always since I knew you. It seemed to me once that heaven had sent you here, being satisfied with all I had tried to do, so I threw the reins on the hands that broke their fetters, and let it go, but I question if I could have restrained it in any case. There, now, the murder is out. I think I shall die when you have left me."

"Oh, no, you will not, M. de la Roche; there is much of life left when love is over. But all the same I am sorry that I have brought this pain like."

Her lips quivered as she spoke, and two tears fell slowly down her face.

"Do not weep. Where there is no self-reproach there should be no sorrow. I never thought you would learn to love me. All that I did hope and believe was that you would pass me always, and that I might, unhindered, see your face at times."

"And I would stay if I could, for the thought of England is a load on my heart; but there are other girls at home, any my brothers, and it seems wrong that I should chain my mother here because I am a coward."

He did not say that there was a way out of her difficulty, that if she could stay for him she could stay with him; having no hope he had no boldness.

"You believe I am sorry, don't you?" she said, looking at him with wet eyes; "you believe that it I had dreamed of this I should have avoided you as you have avoided me; and you say you will forgive me before we part, and you will come and see us at times till I leave; and you will write to me and let me know when you are happy again?"

"Oh, yes, if you wish."

"Then good-bye for to-day."

"Good-bye; forgive me if I let you go down to the chateau alone. I feel as if I could not be in your presence and refrain from pleading."

He held both her hands, looked down on her, and then he said, huskily: "Will you kiss me? I never thought to kiss a woman till you came. Now—well, I thing I have a right to that at least."

She raised her sweet face to his, trembling, and he kissed her, as we kiss the dead.

And then he turned and went slowly up the hillside alone.

CHAPTER II.

"Mother, I have something so odd and strange, and sorrowful, to tell you."

"What is it, dear?"

Mrs. Carrington lifted her eyes from the Tauchnitz novel she was reading and looked at her daughter wondering in the circle of the fire-light on the hearth.

"It is something that makes me feel at once honored and ashamed, proud and sorrowful."

"Well, what is it?"

The girl came close to the chintz-covered bouch on which her mother lay, with a colored Afghan rug over her knees—for to Mrs. Carrington mountain air was always chill—and stood there hesitating.

"Is it news from home?"

"Oh, no; it is only this—M. de la Roche loves me."

"Dear Connie, I am so glad."

"Why, mother?"

"Because he is a good man and a gentleman, and I am sure he will make you happy."

"Darling mother, you surely have not forgotten?"

"No; but I think it is quite time you had, Connie. I am ashamed to think that you should ever cast a backward thought on Frank Lacy, shamefully as he behaved. He is not worth remembering."

"Perhaps not; but still I cannot forget him," the girl answered, crying softly with her hands clasped about her knees, and her fair hair tumbled over her forehead.

Mrs. Carrington rose and came over beside her daughter, and drew the fair, tumbled face on to her breast. "You were always my favorite child," she said huskily; "the first and the dearest, and I have tried always to do for you the best that I knew. I have no interest in life that is not bound up with your happiness. I have been your slave and your vassal ever since you conferred sorrow came. Do I not, therefore, merit a little thanks and consideration?"

"You do, and I am trying all I can to please you; is it not for your sake that I have consented to go back to Fernleigh?"

"Yes; but now I want something more of you."

"What is it?" There came the hunted look of a brave animal into the girl's blue eyes as she spoke.

"It is that you try to love M. le Pasteur. Oh, indeed, it will not be difficult, Connie, if you only try. He is so good, so true a gentleman, so grave, Christian-like; and then you would make him so happy."

"It would seem like sacrilege, and it would not be fair to him," the girl answered below her breath.

"Quite fair when he knows all." She rested her face against her mother's knee for an instant, and then she looked up, smiling sadly through her tears.

"Two years ago, had I loved M. le Pasteur and desired to marry him, you would have thought me mad."

"Yes; because two years ago I was proud and foolish," because in her heart the mother was dwelling on the years ago when she was unspoiled, now there are only fragments left for its rebuilding."

"Could it be right to marry him?"

That was the question the girl sat asking herself over and over as the wind rose and whistled among the pines. Once she would have thought it wicked to do so, but now if it would make him happy, and if he chose her, knowing the truth——. That kiss, which he had placed on her lips an hour before, had convinced her that she cared for him, not with that proud, shy fondness of that long-ago love, but with a tenderness thot perhaps was as worthy of him.

And then to be here always with him and the simple mountain folk, while she faded from the minds of her English friends and was forgotten! That would be pleasant. She loved the blue valleys, the misty heights, the silvery music of the cow-bells, and the simple faces that smiled on her with awe and mingled admiration. Yes, she could be happy here, not in the old, full-bodied, triumphant way, but far happier than by any other coming possibility.

She sat smiling at the firelight, and the tears had dried from off her face, and then she turned to her mother. "He will never ask me again; he took as final all I said today; if I mean to marry him I must ask him," she said.

So Mrs. Carrington knew that, half-unconsciously, Connie had made up her mind.

The long evening passed, and he did not come, and the salon was dull without him, though Connie feigned not to miss him, and made vague imitations of his favorite music on the organ, and travestied his reading aloud by the fire. And in the morning he did not appear either, though the world donned her fairest aspect, and the edelweiss that he had given Connie a day or two before, to bring her good fortune, raised its petals afresh as though it had taken a new lease of life.

"He is breaking his promise of coming to me, the wicked man," she said to herself; "then I will go to him and bring him here, and make my recantation."

She put on a little hat and tied a soft silk scarf around her slender throat, and then she looked at herself in the mirror with a little interest and pity.

Would they live at the chateau when they were married? she wondered, going slowly upward through the gloom that the pines held always in their embrace. Or would he take her to the little wooden parsonage house with its balconied windows and veranda? For the first time in her life the thought that she was something of an heiress gave her pleasure. Her money would tend a little to make Henri de la Roche happy, and it was long since she had genuinely believed him the best man under the sun. He was as high above that other man as the stars; but she sighed a little as she admitted this, perhaps because she was too earthly to be entirely sympathetic with a star.

"Of course, I must tell him everything," she thought, advancing slowly with bent head. "I wonder will he mind very much—I wonder will he mind enough to refuse to have me then?"

The idea startled her so that she stood still a moment to think it over. It was quite possible that he might think what she had to tell so sad, not to say shameful, that he might cease to love her because of it. Well, that would not be her fault; she meant well, and she would tell the truth, and the end of it all was no longer within her power.

She was a little saddened, as though a meditated kindness had been already rejected, but that thought did not hinder her—indeed, nerved her rather to the effort that was before her. "If I tell him I shall try to love him, the choice will then be with him," she said, and went slowly forward till she heard the pebbles on the path above her ear, then began descending fast, and saw a shadow fall athwart her passage.

"Monsieur, mon ami!" She extended both her hands to him, and stood before him rosy as the dawn, beautiful as embodied womanhood.

"Where were you going?"

"To look for you."

"I am here." He looked so worn and haggard that his aspect struck her with a new consciousness of pain.

"I came to meet you, because I have many things to tell and ask you," she said, with a gravity that made him tremble.

"About me?"

"About you and me, and all you said yesterday."

"What did I say? Some folly, I suppose, to make you sorry?"

"Oh no; something to make me feel very honored, something to compel a confidence of mine in return."

She sat down on a boulder that jutted over the pathway as she spoke, and he dropped at her feet, with his face resting on his hands and his eyes averted.

If he would not look at her, would not speak to her, how could she say the strange thing she had come prepared with?

"I told you once that I had no heart. Do you remember?"

"Yes."

"And you did not ask the reason?"

"No; friendship receives confidences; it never seeks them."

"Then you don't care to know anything about me?"

"Nothing but what you wish to tell."

Why did he not help her a little? Why did he oblige her so remorselessly to go on?

"Then I wish to tell you I was going to be married once."

"I thought as much."

"The man you was—I don't know what he was, but he suited me; that is why he has been hard to forget. If he had been greater, perhaps I should have loved him less, for I am not great. But I did love him. I never could give such a love to another."

He shivered a little, lying at her feet, but he did not speak.

"We were to have been married. I was very happy. Everything had gone smoothly, every one was pleased. The wedding day came, and his brother, a pastor like you, was to marry us. I went to the church in all my bravery of bridal finery, with my bridesmaids and my friends, but he did not come to meet me. I never saw him from then till now."

Her voice faltered but it was the man's face that was quite white.

"And what did it mean?"

"I don't know; I never heard. He sent me a note that night by a messenger. It only said he was married to another, and me to forget him. When I knew that no accident had kept him away from me, and that he was alive and well, I left home with my mother, that among new scenes I might learn to forget."

"And have you succeeded?"

"Yes, in a measure, so that I can make a statement quite truthfully and offer you something quite honestly."

"And what is that?"

She blushed and her eyes fell.

"You have told me you love me."

"And it is true; God knows how true."

"Then, in that case, if it would make you happier to have me with you always as your wife, I shall stay."

He was still kneeling at her feet, white as marble in the growing darkness.

"You would remain with me always as my wife, far from all the pleasant things that have made your world so fair? Do you mean that?"

"Yes."

"Then you must love me."

"Perhaps I do unknowingly. At least I am sure I shall love you one day."

He had roused her to a warmth of which she had deemed herself incapable. She had come to him conscious of her own generosity, and now she was actually eager that he should take her at her word.

His face had changed; it glowed so that it seemed quite beautiful.

"I am not worthy. Heaven is too good," he said, taking off his hat as though he were in a sanctuary.

She was awed. Did she merit a love like this?

"I shall try to make you happy—try with all my heart," she said, her lips quivering.

She did not understand him; she would never understand him as long as she lived. Instead of answering her he dropped on his knees beside her and hid his face in her dress, sobbing.

CHAPTER III.

She would marry him. She had come to him of her own accord — heaven-sent, doubtless. And she loved him. She had not dared to believe that at first—only divine pity and tenderness could have inspired her—but as the days passed circumstances brought conviction and the doubts and fears melted into rapture.

Unless she loved him could she have been so joyous in his presence, so tenderly concerned for him, so sweetly careful lest he should be sad or weary, so proud of him in his grave hours, so sympathetic when he fell below them?

They were to go to England for a part of their honeymoon, that he might learn to know all her friends; and then they would return to the familiar but glorified life among the hills.

His happiness exhilarated him sometimes, at other times it oppressed him like a burden. What was he that so much good should befall him, while other men were dying for a gleam of sunshine, starving for a crumb of joy? He had loved humanity always because it suffered; he would love it better now, since he had escaped from the common lot.

The world seemed transfigured, as he stood on the path which wound from the valley up through the woods. Rays of light, like blades of silver, pierced the soft grayness of the rolling mists, and the drops of moisture, gemming every leaf and twig, sparkled as though a shower of diamonds had fallen. How fair nature was; how good God was; how deveted to holy works would he make all his

most fair, most sweet, and I yielded to it."

He turned away, that he might not see even her shadow, as she stood drooping before him, and then went on more steadily:

"But happiness was not for me. It weakened me. It stood between me and duty, and knowing that I have come to give it up."

"Oh, Henri!"

A wave of uncomprehended feeling broke over her, a consciousness of something like dismay. Was it possible that he had known of Frank's return, and was this his generous way of setting her free? But that could not be. Frank had come and gone so suddenly.

"You will not try to hinder me—you will not make duty hard by telling me you will be sorry!" He turned to her imploringly as he spoke. "What I am doing is surely best for me. It will be the best for you too—at least I shall strive and pray that it may be."

She came up and put her clasped hands over his shoulder, and looked at him with streaming eyes.

"Dear brother, if you will have it so," she said brokenly: "whatever seems best to you will always be best in my eyes. I would have tried to make you happy if you had let me, but since you will have it otherwise I consent."

He shivered as she fell away from him. All was over.

"We shall ride up to the auberge, leave our mules there, and then walk up to the parsonage, Frank."

"Very well, darling."

"Don't you think it was better we did not tell him we were coming, or any of our plans about him?"

"Of course it was."

Frank Dalby was not in the habit of pondering deeply on his wife's questions. Women's trains of thought were never worth following, at least so the gallant captain thought, and a placid assent was all any woman, even the dearest in the world, either desired or expected.

"He will be surprised, won't he, Frank, to know that I have never forgotten him for a day since we parted?"

"I should think so, indeed, and uncommonly pleased too."

"And don't you think he is likely to consent to my plan to come to England, and get ordained into the Anglican church—you know he can be as monastic there as ever he likes?"

"Of course he'll consent; and you can have him play the organ at your tea-drinkings, and the women can lionize him ever so—"

"Frank, you must not speak so. I don't like it," Connie said, gravely. "If ever I knew a saint and a man of genius, it was Henri de la Roche."

"A saint surely, since he considered you the world, the flesh and the devil, and renounced you as well."

The young wife's lip quivered a little.

"I have a suspicion sometimes in spite of myself, that he had some suspicion about you, and so gave me up."

"If that be so, I'm very grateful to him."

Frank stopped his wife's words, that he might kiss her.

"This is the little church there. How bleak and bear it looks, with all the humble and turf-covered graves around it. Oh, we must take him away from it. we must give him a better field of labor elsewhere!"

"Of course, we must."

"Of course, we must."

"I was standing just there, Frank, by the gate, when he came down first to meet us."

"Do you know, Connie, if you talk any more about him I shall begin to grow jealous, and to think you regret him."

"But I don't, Frank; only it was another sort of life here, and coming back to it affects me—you can understand how."

"I can understand perfectly, if you keep crying and making your eyes red over it."

Connie wiped the tears away furtively, and went on in silence. A little higher was the parsonage house, with its pointed roof and bleak little court and wooden balconies. How still it looked, how lonely, beneath the flying clouds and within sound of the sighing of the pines! Oh decidedly he must be removed from here, her brother, as she had called him and as he had chosen to be.

She went up to the door eagerly; the door that had still the natural tints of the wood, and envious of the carved face by the hand of some one who had loved him. Through the open window she could see into his study, fireless to-day, and with the faint light gleaming on the lettered bindings of his favorite books.

She knocked timidly, waited, and then knocked again.

"They are deaf or dead," the captain said impatiently, repeating the summons vigorously, and then there was a shuffling step in the passage, the step of the aged housekeeper, and the door opened reluctantly.

"We have come to see M. de la Roche, is he engaged?"

The old woman looked at her, looked her all over slowly, from her pretty boots to her flushed, eager face, but did not answer.

"Will you tell him I am here; say Mrs. Dalby—no, say Connie has come to speak with him."

The old woman's face changed, a look of loss and trouble stealing over her.

"Madame has not heard then." Her voice quivered, her head shook a little with the palsy of old age. "Madame comes too late. M. de Pasteur was buried a week ago."—*All the Year Round.*

## THE CIGARETTE.

### A Good Defense of a Very Bad Habit.

Dr. Joseph Mulhall says: I am a cigarette smoker myself, and I am a defender of the habit, or, at least, an apologist for it. The charm of the smoking of cigarettes, by which I mean not the puff in and out of the mouth of the smoke, but its inhalation, is the quick and powerful stimulant it gives the smoker. The cigar smoker says to the cigarette smoker, "What enjoyment can you get from smoking that tiny roll of paper with its little pinch of tobacco? Why don't you use a cigar or a pipe?" To which the cigarette smoker can reply, if he wants to argue, "My cigarette is a more powerful stimulant than the cigar," and he can prove it if the other will submit to a test. The stimulation of tobacco is caused by the absorption of the nicotine by the system. The smoke of a cigar or pipe reaches only the membranes of the mouth, because it is not inhaled. The cigarette smoker inhales the smoke of his cigarette, and it touches not only the mouth but also the throat, and the membranes all the way down absorb the stimulant. The cigarette smoker, too, can not smoke a weed cigarette with enjoyment, for one-half the pleasure of the smoke is caused by the contact of the smoke with the membranes. It must grip the throat, so to speak, to produce the pleasure. As to the evil effects of cigarette smoking there is much exaggeration. The habit undoubtedly has but one only one injurious effect which is not produced by other kinds of smoking. That is an irritation of the throat, which is noticed by almost all confirmed cigarette smokers in themselves. The idea that the smoke penetrates the lungs is a vulgar and absurd one. It never gets beyond the tidal air, and that means that it never reaches the lungs. Cigarette-smoking causes irregularity of the heart beats, what is known as "tobacco heart," and dimness of the vision, but these effects are produced by the use of tobacco in other forms. Boys, of course, are often permanently injured by it, but for adults it is a superior smoke to a cigar, and no more harmful.

### The Science of Noses.

The nose, we all know, forms a prominent feature in everybody's career, but it has been left to Dr. M. Sophus Schack, a Danish disciple of Lavater, to find out that it is an infallible index to human character. He tells us in a book just published that his discovery is the result of a long and patient study of this facial organ among people of all nations. According to his experience, the moral and physical nature of a person can be gathered from the formation of his nose. A well-developed nose, he says, denotes strength and courage; a little turned-up nose indicates cunning and artfulness; a delicate, straight nose, taste and refinement; a curved nose, impudence and egotism; and a thick, misshapen nose, dullness and want of tact. But this is not all. "The nose," proceeds our physiognomist, "discloses to the intelligent observer the faculties possessed by the owner. It also indicates the intensity of his intellectual activity and the delicacy of his moral sentiments. Finally the nose, which belongs both to the mobile and immobile parts of our visage, reflects faithfully the fugitive movements of our inclinations." If all this be true, it is evident that people who think to disguise their character or dissemble their passions must in future beware of their noses, or, rather, they must wear false ones.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

### What a Change!

A few short weeks ago that young girl was the personification of health, vigor and beauty. The blush upon her cheeks rivalled that of the rose; her step was light and buoyant, her every movement was a revelation of perfect physical health. Yet now she is pallid and haggard, and her superabundant vitality has given place to a strange dullness and lassitude. What has caused this change? Functional irregularities, which can be cured by Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," a remedy to which thousands of women to-day owe their lives. All druggists.

## A COOK'S CURIOSITY.

### Aunt Mandy Wants to See Queen Kapiolani—Her Trip to the Navy Yard.

Marse Bob he cummed down to brack he shoes, like he do ebery mawnin' befo' he go to de naby grounds or yards or whateber dey is—it do hut me powerful to see him brack he own shoes. He ole pa always had he own niggah jus' for dat befo' de wah, an' I hev jus' seeched Marse Bob to let me shine 'em, but he say, "G'long Aunt Mandy, yo's too ole, you is." Dis mawnin' when he cummed down he amos' took my bref away, fur he was jus' a shinin' wid gold, an' he had dem glistery, dangley tings on he shoulders. What do you call 'em? Eppel; rets? Oh, yes, dat's it, fank you, Miss; can't 'member dem names to sabe my soul. I say, "Grashus, Marse Bob, whars you a gwine, all dressed up like you was gwine to be married?" An' he say, "Why, Aunt Mandy, I'se gwine to help de Queen off to Mt. Vernon." Didn't you know the Queen was here?"

"Law chile," sez I, "you don't mean to tell me de Queen of England has cummed down off'n her throne wid de crown on her had to go to no Mt. Vernon?"

"Guess you ain't read de papers," sez he, he's a awful one to joke is Marse Bob, he know I can't read 'em, "No, it ain't de Queen ob England, it's de Queen of de Sambwich Islands."

"Sambwich Islands!" sez I, "whar de make the ham sandwiches?"

"In cose," sez he, "you ought to go down to de yard an' see her," sez he, "an' de man is wid a follerin' her will hab a plate ob sambwiches to show what she 'ca cume from," sez he, an' den he had sech a awful 'tack ob coughin' an chokin' what he had to run up stairs to get some cough mixture.

I knowed I wouldn't neber hab no odder chance to see a reel, libe Queen—you know I se gentium's wives. Miss Lally—an' I jes 'termined I'd foller Marse Bob an' see her, case I knowed he was goin' to de right place, an' when dat front door slams I jes don' wait fur nothin', but jes grabs my hat an' runs. He a walkin', pretty fas', an' I hab a pow'ful hard time a keepin' him in sight, case de rheumatics makes me right lame. Somebody Brown's boy, what was a shoveltn' coal on de sidewalk, calls out to me, "Law sakes, Aunt Mandy, whar's a 'spectable ole woman like you a goin' like you was crazy?" An' I jes' tole him to hole ne tongue, he imperdent, ignorance niggah. What he know 'bout Queens! Guess he ain't read de papers. I ain't got no use for dese young, no 'count niggahs what think deyselves so smaht.

Marse Bob he gets in one of dem Bridge street kyars, and den I in 'spair, for ef I can't see Marse Bob how's I to see de Queen and de ham sambwiches? Tolable soon I wonder kyar cum, but I gets in deep in and tells de man what I wonts to git off when we comes to de queen. "To do what?" sez he. "De Queen," sez I. "Guess you don't read no papersr," and den de people all larfs. I warn't goin' to take no sass from none o' your pore white trash, an' so I jes looks at him solemn, an' wid sorrowin' pity, an' I sez, "Ef dat is so ignorance dat you don' know de Queen when you sees her, you kin jes let me off'n dis yere vehicle when you sees Marse Bob git off'n dat one ahead." An', sez he: "Look yere, old female, I guess you wants to git off at St. Elizabeth's Sylum." An' I tole him I didn't know nothin' 'bout no 'sylums, but he needn't fret he self 'bout my meetin' wid de saints, guess he'd be glad to have me 'duce him to 'em when Gabriel blowed de trumpet. Well, den he let me 'lone, an' we rode, an' we rode. Dem's mighty fine kyars dav hab wid de seats a runnin' 'cross 'an de breeze a blowin' froo. I sat up dem feelin' most like's if I was a queen myself. 'Cept my neck got tired, a tryin' to see Marse Bob. I kep a a sharp lookout for de queen all de time, too, kase I didn't put no 'pendance on dat shifless driber. At las' I see a great big gate ahead, an' den de kyar stops and de man sez: "We don' go no furder." I didn't believe him till I see de hosses a bein' took off, and jes den I ceiches a glimpse of Marse Bob a skootin' fro dat gate, and I don' stop to say nuffin' to dat kyar man, dough I had tended to give him a little 'vice 'bout bein' so trifling, but I jes skoot after Marse Bon. An' jes let me say right hyar, Miss Sally, dat if I was de king, I would want no queen o' mine to see Marse Bob, 'specially when he dressed like dat; he hab pow'ful takin' ways, hab Marse Bob.

Dere was a awful crowd roun' dat gate, an' I had a terrible time to get froo, 'an eberybody a hinderin' me an' a axin whar was I goin'. I jest didn't say nuffin till my hat cummed off, and den I sez, sez I, "Jes let it an' a whippin' a little piccaninny what had sat hisself down in it, Marse Bob was gone. I gets to de gate an' starts froo an' a soger he comes up to me an' tells me to get back, an' I say he needn't pint he ole gun at me, guess I know de wah's ober. I an' den somebody grabs my dress an' I turn roun' to 'buke de familiarity an' I sees ole Uncle Pete Johnson. He say, "Why, Aunt Mandy, whar you dun come from?" I tell you, Miss Sally, I was thankful to fin' I had a pertector, dough I kin take care of myself quite tolable, but I kinuss say dat crowd, an' loosin' my hat, and de soger, an' all de had thus trated me considerable. Uncle Pete he say what nobody ain't 'lowed inside dat gate 'cep de quality, an' so him an' me stan's an' waits. An' down inside de gate we sees lots mo' sogers all standin' in a line, an' a band—my laws,—honey!—dat ban was biggah dan whole culled company ober here in Gawgtown. Den de kerridges commence a comin' an' ladies an' gentlemens, an' lots of naby ossifers like Marse Bob, but dere ain't none look so nice as him, an' den somebody hollers, "Dars de Queen!" an' I looks but I don' see nuffin, an' I sez "Whar?" an' I tries to see de crown a shinin', an' glistenin', an' den I members he han sambwich man what Marse Bob tole me 'bout an' I says, "Whar's de sambwich man?" An' dey all looks at me like I was crazy, an' jes' den a kerridge passes me with two 'spectable ole cullud womens in, an' den I wonders how I's to get to dem

## Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The question bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with

### The Anglo-Saxons.

G. W. M., Carway, N. C.:

1. Is there any authority in support of the theory that the Anglo-Saxon races are descendants of the Lost Tribes of Israel? 2. Give a sketch of the early Saxons, where they originated, first known to history, etc. 3. When did the Saxons first enter England?

Anglo-Saxons is the general historic name given to the Angles, Jutes and Saxons, tribes from the North of Germany that arrived in England at intervals from 449 to 547, under Hengist and Horsa, and numerous other chiefs, and gradually subdued the greater part of the country, founding the Saxon heptarchy. The Saxons are supposed to have colonized the southeastern coast long before this period, and, in this case, the name is probable that the frequent intercourse of the German tribes with these settlements led them to conceive the idea of taking possession of the entire country. After the departure of the Romans, the Picts, coming from Schleswig, made themselves masters of Kent, part of Hampshire, and the Isles of Wight; the Saxons shortly after took the central and remaining northern parts of England; the Scots, who arrived in bands in 527 and subsequent years, settled in Norfolk and Suffolk, the country north of the Humber and the lowlands of Scotland. These invaders, in the eighth century, divided the territory that they had gradually wrested from the Britons into seven states, known as the Heptarchy, and formed a federal league for mutual protection against foes from without, under the leadership of the Angles, arriving bands in 527 and subsequent years, settled in Norfolk and Suffolk, the country north of the Humber and the lowlands of Scotland. These invaders, in the eighth century, divided the territory that they had gradually wrested from the Britons into seven states, known as the Heptarchy, and formed a federal league for mutual protection against foes from without, under the leadership of the Angles, whose name was given. These states were united in 827 by Egbert, King of Wessex, who thus became King of England, or the land of the Angels. The Anglo-Saxons were the dominant power in England from 449 to the Norman conquest in 1066, except during the short time the country was under Danish rule, from 1017 to 1042. They were converted to Christianity by Augustine, who was sent to England as a missionary in 596, by Pope Gregory I. The laws and customs of the Anglo-Saxons were derived from their German ancestors; but were greatly modified by Alfred the Great, who laid the foundation of the universal constitution of that country.

### Irrigation—Ancient and Modern.

J. R. W., Brandenburg, N. Y.:

Please give all the information on irrigation that space will allow.

Irrigation is one of the oldest arts, and was practiced by the Egyptians, Abyssinians, Romans, etc., long before the discovery of the new world by Columbus, irrigation was practiced by the Mexicans. They collected the water from mountain torrents and conducted it to their lands by means of proper channels with trunk roads and ditches. It was not till the end of the 17th century that water-meadows were constructed in Britain upon anything like a scientific system. In all cases of irrigation, the water, whether it comes from natural lakes or rivers or artificial wells and ponds, must first be above the level of the land to be irrigated. This is generally the most important point to be considered. There must also be a ready exit for the water consequently the land must lie lower than the natural receptacle for the water; therefore the first step is taking the level. A channel, receiving the water at a higher point than that to which the river is to be dug at a less declivity than that of the bed of the stream, and made to carry water higher than the banks of the river, from which level it can be allowed to descend slowly, and irrigate a considerable space before it returns to the stream. For all irrigation, the general principle may be described as the supply of an abundance of water to every portion of the surface, and taking it off again with rapidity. When the land is to be irrigated is flat and level, it is necessary to form artificial slopes for the water to pass over. The whole of the ground is then laid in broad, undulating beds, the upper part of each of which is quite level from end to end when the supply-channel is cut. All the supply-furrows are fed by a main channel at right angles to the beds and somewhat above them. When the flood-gates are opened the water flows into all the upper channels very regularly, till it fills them to overflowing in their entire length. When the water is suited for irrigation, the land never requires manure. The best soil for a water-meadow is a good gravel. Christmas is the usual time for letting the water on to water-meadows, and it is generally allowed to flow over while the frost lasts; if the weather is mild, it is shut off during the day and turned on during the night.

### April Fool and Easter Eggs.

Please tell why April 1 is called "All Fools' Day." Also why eggs are eaten so much on Easter?

The Romans gave the month of April the name of Aprilis, from Aeprire, to open; by the Anglo-Saxons it was called Oaster, or Easter month; and by the Dutch Grass month. The custom of sending one on a bootless errand on the first of this month is derived from the sending hither and thither of the Savior from Annas to Caiaphas, and from Pilate to Herod, because during the middle ages this event in Christ's life was the subject of a miracle-play at Easter, which occurs in the month of April. It is possible, however, that it may be the relic of some old heathen festival. The custom, whatever its origin, of playing off little tricks on this day, whereby ridicule may be fixed upon unguarded individuals, appears to be universal throughout Europe. In France, one thus imposed upon is called un poisson d'Avril. In England, such a person is called a fool; in Scotland a gowk. Gowk is the Scotch for the cuckoo, and also signifies a foolish person. The favorite jest in Britain is to send one upon an errand for something gressly nonexistent—as for pigeon's milk, or the history of Adam's grandfather; or to make appointments which are not to be kept; or to call to a passer-by that his hatchet is unloosed, or that there is a spot upon his face. When he falls into the snare, the term April fool or gowk is applied with a shout of laughter. It is curious that the Hindus practice precisely similar tricks on the 31st of March, when they hold what is called the Huli Festival. 2. Many of the popular observances connected with Easter are clearly of Pagan origin. The most characteristic Easter rite, and the one most widely diffused, is the use of Pasch, Easter eggs. They are usually stained of various colors with dye-woods or herbs, and the people mutually make presents of them; sometimes they are kept as magical charms, sometimes eaten; games are also played by striking them against one another. In some moorland parts of Scotland, it used to be the custom for young people to go out early on "Pasch sunday" and search for wild-fowls' eggs for breakfast, and it was thought lucky to find them. There can be little doubt that the use of eggs at this season was originally symbolical of the revivification of nature—the springing forth of life in spring. The practice is not confined to Christians; the Jews used eggs in the feast of the Passover; and we are told that in Persia, when they keep the festival of the solar new year, in March) nurserymen present each other with colored eggs. From the Christian point of view, the Easter egg has usually been considered as emblematic of the resurrection and of a future life.

### Heresy in the Early Church.

Mrs. J. W. J., Durango, Col.:

Give an account of the two chief heresies in the early church.

Heresy may be defined as the act of holding opinions upon religious matters contrary to the authority and teaching of any religious community which a person may be considered to owe obedience. It was used in a reproachful sense by the Apostles towards those who denied their doctrines, and by the Jews towards Christianity. In the writings of the Christian fathers we find the term employed towards those opinions which differed from what was deemed to be the doctrine of the Apostles; and later, when Christian teaching came to be regulated by ecclesiastical councils, any one who rejected their decisions was proclaimed to be a heretic; whilst those who gave their adherence to what was settled by these councils were proclaimed to be orthodox. It is not necessary that heresy should not be confounded with schism, or with apostacy, the latter implying a complete renunciation of of Christian doctrine, whilst schism means only the rejection of some point of discipline, just as heresy denotes any division upon matters of doctrine. The early fathers gave the number of heresies as ranging between 80 and 150, though it has been shown those figures are exaggerated. Nearly all the heretical opinions current in the first two centuries of the Christian era appertain to the creation of the world, to the connection between Christianity and Judaism, and to the person of the Saviour. The two great sects were the Ebionites and Gnostics. In the third century the Manichean heresy took birth. In the fourth century the great Arian heresy formed the chief subject of theological discussion. Previous to the Reformation in England, heresy was enacted, by 2 Henry II., C. 15, to be the holding of opinions contrary to the Catholic faith and the determination of Holy Church by the universal consent of the doctors; but whoever might be convicted of heresy at common law by an archbishop in a provincial synod. After conviction, the criminal was to be dealt with according to the king's pleasure. When a person, after having abjured his heresy, again relapsed into it, the king in council might issue the writ *de haretico comburendo*, upon which the criminal was handed over to the secular authority to be openly burnt alive. The first statute of the reign of Elizabeth repealed all previous enactments, leaving it at common law, although it did not determine what heresy actually is, merely limiting it to "such as heretofore hath been adjured heresy," according to the scriptural authority and that of the four councils. Both Elizabeth and James I. are stated to have burnt heretics. The writ *de haretico comburendo* was abolished by 29 Charles II., C. 9, and therefore the punishment of heretics was vested in the ecclesiastical courts, who might punish heresy, from a pure regard for the offenders soul.

### How Gold Leaf is Made.

J. A. S., Glencoe, Minn.:

How is gold leaf manufactured?

The gold used in making gold leaf is purchased in New York, Boston and other large eastern cities where it has been through the various processes of the refiners. Its grade is 24 carats fine. The first thing that the "gold beater" does is to put the gold into small sand crucibles and melt it. An alloy is then put in which makes the gold 23 carats in grade. It is then put into the inket. The inket is a small iron mould four inches long, one inch wide, and half an inch in depth. It is then taken out. It is now in the shape of small bars, which are rolled into ribbons 70 yards in length and one inch wide, and in thickness resembling writing paper. This rolling process is accomplished by means of steel rollers. It is next measured off into inch squares by means of compasses, each one of which makes 32 leaves three and three-eighths inches square when finished. After being cut into squares it is ready for the tool called the cutch. A cutch is a collection of sheets of paper four inches square. The gold is placed between these papers and put into a mould made out of bone gut of beef. The casings are imported from England. These parchments are made out of the pure sheepskin, and often are old leaves and mortgages, some of them 200 and 300 years old. After being securely placed in this mold easing they are beaten. The first beating process requires half an hour. It is then quartered and beaten in a large mold called the shoder. It is beaten with a fifteen-pound hammer until the gold shows at the edges of the skins. Then it is again quartered by a quartering wagon, which resembles a shew-cutter, being furnished with knives inward. The quartering wagon, however, is made of bamboo cane instead of steel, and is sharpened to an edge. The gold is then placed between skins called the gold-beater's mold. This mold comprises 900 leaves, five inches square. It is imported from London. The secret of their manufacture is known only to a few. It is very expensive, costing about $40. At this stage it generally requires four or six hours for the beating process. When beaten out to the standard, it is given out to the girls who cut it up into small books, 3½ inches square, 24 leaves to the pack, and 500 leaves to the book. It is now ready for the market. It is sold mostly to painters, bookbinders and frame gilders.

### To Tan Any Kind of Fur Skins.

George H. Boucher, Lucas, Iowa.:

Please give the following items:—Will you please tell me how to tan squirrel, gopher and mink hides with the fur on?

Here is a recipe the Bureau has published several times. After the skins are cut off the useless parts, and softened the skin by soaking, remove the fatty matter from the inside and soak it in warm water for an hour. Next, mix equal parts of borax, saltpetre and glauber salts (sulphate of soda, in the proportion of about one-half ounce of each for each skin, with sufficient water to make a thin paste; spread this with a brush over the inside of the skin, applying much more inside than on the outer; fold the skin together, flesh to flesh, double the skin together, flesh side inwards, and place it in a cool place. After standing 24 hours, wash the skin clean, and apply in the same manner as before, a mixture of one ounce of sal soda, one-half ounce borax, and two ounces hard white soap, melted slowly together without being allowed to boil; fold together again, and put away in a warm place for 24 hours. After this dissolve four ounces alum, and two ounces salt, and two ounces saltratus, in sufficient hot rain water to saturate the skin; when cool enough not to scald the hands, soak the skin in it for twelve hours, then wring out and hang in the air to dry. When dry, repeat this soaking and drying two or three times, till the skin is sufficiently soft. Lastly, smooth the inside with fine sand paper and pumice stone.

### Corsica and Elba.

James R. G., Pleasant, Ind.:

Please tell something historical about Corsica and Elba.

Corsica was first settled by Ligurians. It was held successively by the Ligurians, Etruscans and Carthaginians; it was ravaged by the Romans in 259 B. C., and was subjugated by them about 230. On the dismemberment of the empire it fell successively to the Vandals, Goths. It became subject to the Franks in the 8th century, to the Saracens in the 9th, and to Pisa in the 11th; was then annexed to the Papal States by Gregory VII.; then again passed under the power of the Saracens, of the house of Aragon; and finally became in the 14th century a possession of the Genoese, who held it until the 18th, when it became a scene of revolutions. During which Theodore Stephen Baron Theodor Von Neuhof, was proclaimed king of the island. After his fall the Corsicans, under Gen. Paoli, achieved their independence, but in 1769 they were subdued by the French. In 1793 Paoli, assisted by the English, drove out the new masters, and the island was placed under the protection of the British crown; but in 1796 the patriots were again subdued, and in 1814 the island was accorded to Sardinia by the treaty of Paris. Corsica has produced several eminent men, and above all Napoleon. The island of Elba was called Ethalia by the Greeks and Ilva by Latin authors, and was noted for its minerals. Ancient ruins are still visible in many places. During the middle ages it was ruled by various Italian princes and chiefs, in 1548 Charles V. ceded the territory of Porto Ferrajo to Florence. Afterwards the island was successively governed by Spain, Naples, and the lords of Piombino. From July, 1796, to April, 1797, it was occupied by the British. It was then ceded to France, and in 1807 united with the kingdom of Etruria. It was Napoleon's place of exile from May 4, 1814, to February 16, 1815. Napoleon caused a road to be built uniting Porto Ferrajo with Porto Longone. The villa di San Martino, near Porto Ferrajo, which was occupied by Napoleon, has been converted into a Napoleonic museum, and contains various objects of interest relating to the first emperor. In 1815 the island was awarded to the grand duke of Tuscany, and with the rest of his territory was annexed to the kingdom of Italy in 1860.

### Marshal Ney.

A. W. S., Hamilton, Kansas:

Please give information concerning Marshal Ney, the greatest of Napoleon's first marshals.

Marshal Ney was born at Saarlouis in 1769. He was a non-commissioned officer in a hussar regiment when the revolution began, and afterwards rapidly rose to high military rank. For the capture of Mannheim by a *coup de main*, he was made a general of division in 1799. He was interior commander of the Army of the Rhine for a short time, during which he frustrated by a bold diversion an important movement of the Archduke Charles against Massena and the army of Switzerland. In 1805, he stormed the intrenchments of Elchingen, and was created duke of Elchingen. He afterward rendered important services in the Tyrol; contributed much to the French success of 1806 and 1807, and particularly distinguished himself in 1808-09, till he was dismissed by Massena, the commander-in-chief, on a dispute about the plan of the campaign. In 1812 he received the command of the Third Corps of Infantry, and greatly distinguished himself at Smolensk and the Maskwa, in consequence of which he was created Prince of the Maskwa. He had a principal part in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, but after the capture of Paris, he urged the emperor to abdicate, and submitted to Louis XVIII., who loaded him with favors. In the battle of Waterloo he commanded the center, and had five horses shot under him. After the capitulation of Paris, he yielded to the entreaties of his family to return to Switzerland; but a costly Egyptian sabre, a gift of Napoleon, led to his being suspected by an official, and arrested. He was condemned to death for high treason, and was shot in the garden of the Luxembourg, on December 7, 1815.

### The Sun in Winter.

S. N. C., Central, Ill.:

1. How many representatives are there in Illinois? 2. Is the sun nearest us in winter or summer?

1. Twenty. 2. The earth's path from west to east around the sun is not strictly in a circle, but an ellipse of small eccentricity, in one of the foci of which is the sun. It follows that the earth is not equally distant from the sun, at all times of the year; it is nearest to perihelion, at the beginning of the year, or when the northern hemisphere has winter; and at its greatest distance, or aphelion, about the middle of the year, or during the summer of the northern hemisphere. The difference in the two distances, however, is comparatively too small to exercise any perceptible influence on the heat derived from the sun, the chief cause of the greater heat in summer and cold of winter being that the rays of the sun fall more obliquely on the earth in the latter season than in the former. The greatest heat in summer is never reached till a considerable time after the summer solstice, when the sun's rays are most nearly vertical, and the day is longest; the greatest cold in winter is like manner after the winter stoistice, when the day is shortest and the sun's rays are most oblique; the reason in the former case being that as summer advances, the earth itself becomes more heated by the continued action of the sun's rays; in the latter, that it retains a portion of the heat which it has imbibed during the summer, just as the warmest part of the day is somewhat after midday, and the coldest part of the night is towards morning.

### Pensions—Public Lands—Patents.

Readers of the BLADE who desire special information regarding pensions, instead of inquiring through the Question Bureau, should write directly to Hon. John C. Black, commissioner of pensions, Washington, D. C.; for public lands information, to Hon. Wm. A. J. Sparks, commissioner of the general land office, Washington, D. C.; and for patents to Hon. B. J. Hall, commissioner of the patent office, Washington, D. C.

### Miscellaneous.

John W. Brown, Richmond, Ind.: Please see notice in this column headed Public Lands.

B. L., Ohiopyle, Pa.: See answer to T. J., Poplar Bluff, Mo., in BLADE of May 4, 1887.

J. B. Strasburgh, Garfield, Ks.: Write for the book you mention to Brown, Lager & Hull, Toledo, O.

K. Jole, Atwater, Ill.: We have no means of giving you the locations of the "Old Folks Homes" in Illinois.

J. Armstrong, Harrisville, Pa.; Your attention is respectfully called to the notice in this column under the head of Public Lands.

M. Layton, Arkansas City, Kans.: Apply to the Probate court of your county for the information on election laws that you require.

J. J. Ellis, Coffeysburg, Mo.:

1. In case the President be re-elected does he have to be inaugurated the second time?

1. Yes.

M. W. F., Wichita, Kans.: There is no exercise that will cure the infirmity you mention, and we know of no firm who would attend to your second request.

G. Nelson, Kerrs Creek, Pa.: See answer to J. W. B., Maynardsville, Tenn., in Question Bureau of March 24, 1887.

Questioner, Greentown, Ind.: The BLADE published but a short time ago an illustrated article on the subject of "curved balls" by professional base ball pitchers.

Mrs. J. B. Bennett, Grass Valley, Oregon: A letter addressed to the editor of the *Tribune*, New York City, N. Y., will doubtless reach the officers of the society for Homeless Children you desire.

L. M. H., Mel, Hermitage, Oregon:

Doubtless the editor of *Puck*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Frank Leslie*, *The Judge*, or *Texas Siftings*, would be glad to give you all the information you require about the preparation of drawings for illustrated papers.

Chas. Long, Nelson, Iowa: It is purely a matter of personal taste. Appleton's is very full and complete, and Chambers is just as full but perhaps more concise. You can make no mistake in either. The consumption of liquor is steadily increasing in this country.

R. Britton, Oakland, Ia., says, speaking of the Jackson copper cent mentioned in the Bureau of April 7, 1887, says: "I have seen one with a strong box on one side, on one side of which stood Gen. Jackson, with drawn sword. The inscription was 'Liberty and the Union now and forever, one and inseparable.'"

F. Wood, Sturgis City, Dak.:

Please tell me how plaster of paris is made.

Plaster of paris is made by heating gypsum to about 250 deg. Fahr., and powdering the calcined mass. The addition of 1 or 2 per cent. of many salts, such as alum, sulphate of potash, or borax, confers upon gypsum the property of setting slowly into a mass capable of receiving a very high polish.

D. Crawford, Peachville, Pa.: Before undertaking to make any suggestions about a church festival, we must have more accurate knowledge of what you want, whether your festival is to be in the nature of a lawn *fete*, in the open air, with booths, etc., for the sale of fancy articles, or if it is to be a sort of a musicel and literary entertainment in the church parlors. Let us know more definitely what you desire, and we will try to help you arrange the details.

C. J. Keve, Salem, Dak.:

1. About what per cent. of people are made insane by the use of intoxicating liquors. 2. Why are men more frequently bald than women?

1. Among all the causes of mental disease, it is acknowledged by most authorities that the excessive use of intoxicating drinks is the greatest. About 12 per cent. of all insanity is attributable to this disease. 2. See editorial in BLADE of May 5, 1887.

A Correspondent:

Is aluminum elastic like spring steel?

Aluminum is very malleable and ductile, and in tenacity it approaches iron. When heated in a furnace it fuses, and can then be cast into moulds into ingots. Exposed to dry or moist air it is unalterable, and does not oxidize so much as lead and zinc. When fused and cast into moulds, it is a soft metal like pure silver, and has a density of 2.56; but when hammered or rolled, it becomes as hard as iron, and its density increases to 2.67. It is therefore a very light metal, being lighter than glass, and only one-fourth as heavy as silver.

H. S. Latham, Catlettsburg, Ky.:

Did any one ever argue that the moon was made of matter similar to green cheese? If so, who was he and what was his argument?

There may have been, in the dim past, people who believed such nonsense but there never was any reason for any such argument, inasmuch as in the most powerful instruments yet constructed the surface of the moon presents a scene of wildest desolation. In every direction are circular caverns or pits, many of enormous size, the floor of one is seen to be strewn with huge blocks. The inner walls are uncommonly steep, and their depth often frightful, being many thousand feet. It all points to a volcanic origin.

S. T. H., Pleasanton, Kan.:

What are the mechanical uses of intoxicating liquors?

By the term "intoxicating liquors" alcohol is undoubtedly meant. If this be the case, it may be said that it is put to numerous uses, as for instance in the spirit lamp, used for many purposes in the arts where heat rather than light is required. Then there is the spirit level, consisting of a glass tube nearly filled with alcohol, preferably colored; the remaining space being a bubble of air, which occupies a position exactly in the middle of the tube when the latter is perfectly horizontal; the tube being mounted on a wooden bar, which is laid on the surface of any object to be tested. There is also an alcohol engine, in which the vapor of alcohol is used as a motive power. The alcohol meter is an instrument for ascertaining the comparative specific gravity and consequent amount of alcohol in spirituous liquors, etc.

A. E. Gilson, Garrettsville, O.:

Will you give the process of canning vegetables, such as sweet corn, peas, fruits, etc., and oblige our family and probably many others.

Procure a sufficient number of tin cans of suitable size, fill them quite full with the vegetable, and solder them securely. Next, punch a small pinhole in the top of each can, to allow the air to be expelled; place the cans in a boiler as deep as the cans are high, pour boiling water into the boiler until it reaches the top of the cans; keep the water hot over a moderate fire, but not boiling, until the air ceases to escape from the cans, and then seal the air-holes with solder before removing the cans from the water. The cans should then be taken out, wiped dry and allowed to cool; when cold, if the cans have been closed perfectly air-tight, the vacuum inside will cause the top and bottom of the cans to become concave, or hollowed inwards.

S. W. B., Dawson, Pa.:

1. Please tell how to make a cheap but good galvanic battery? 2. Please tell where "Buffalo Bill" lives, and if he is chief of scouts of the United States army, and if he still scouts any yet?

1. Take a gallon stone jar, and place a sheet-zinc cylinder therein, and inside that a porous cup (a porous flower-pot with a cork fitted in the hole will answer). Fill the outside cylinder with water, and place a piece of sheet copper. Use a solution of common salt next the zinc, and a solution of sulphate of copper next the copper in the porous cup, if a strong current be desired. The liquids inside and outside the porous cup should stand at the same level. Dilute sulphuric acid (1 part acid to 10 water) makes a very constant, but weaker current. 2. The Hon. William F. Cody, or Buffalo Bill, as he is better known, gave up scouting some years ago and is now engaged in the more lucrative show business. This summer he is in London, England, managing an American show of which he is the half proprietor.

F. A. Krause, Sand Creek, Wis.:

Please publish directions for cleansing sugar cane syrup.

In the manufacture of sugar the apparatus for the removal from a saccharine liquid of the invertsure and peculiar matters which would impair the concentrated result is called the defecator. The pans are arranged in rows in the sugar house and heated by steam jackets. This use is to clarify the juice from the mill, or the partially concentrated syrup from the first vacuum-pan, the acidity in the liquid being neutralized by a portion of lime. A frothy scum rises to the surface, which increases as the liquid is kept in a simmering condition. In the defecator, the juice is received through a pipe from the reservoir, steam from the boiler being admitted by a tube. The scum having attained a considerable solidity, the liquid is withdrawn by turning the handle of the faucet, allowing the liquid to pass by the pipe to the trough, which conducts the clarified juice to another reservoir or to the filters. In other forms, the juice is exposed in a shower to the fumes of sulphurous acid gas, which tends to arrest the fermentation incident to the presence of nitrogeneous matters in the juice. Defecators for sorghum partake of the character of filters, the action being principally mechanical in arresting the floating matters that render the liquid turbid.

Jessie Brewster, Salem Center, O.:

1. Please give pronunciation of the German name Reichstag; ditto French name Goblet; ditto American Bayard (secretary of State). Does the Golden Gate admit sea-going vessels to San Francisco? How wide is the strait?

1. The German *ch* is very hard to reproduce in English; it must not be like our *sh* nor *ck*, but a medium between them, about like *kh*. When two vowels come together they take the English sound of the second one; hence the word Reichs-tag is pronounced as nearly as may be like Richs- the *s* same as *y* and the *ch* as above tag; the *e* same as in *they*. The accent is on the first syllable. Goblet is pronounced *Go-blay*, accent on the first. Secretary Bayard pronounces his name as though it were spelled Ba-aird, accent on the first *a*, both syllables run closely together. 2. About 25 steamers run from the port in regular lines to Japan, Australia, Panama, Mexico, Victoria and domestic ports in Oregon and California, and a score of light steamers to various ports in the inland waters that have their outlet at the Golden Gate. The straight is five miles long and one mile wide. The shores of the Golden Gate are bold and rocky, rising on the north in some places nearly 2,000 feet, while on the south the hills are from 300 to 400 feet high, many of them being covered with sifting white sand.


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## THE CLAN-NA-GAEL.

**It Has Split Upon the Question of Contributing Money for an Unknown Purpose.**

NEW YORK, May 20.—The Clan-na-Gael, a society which numbers among its members two United States senators, the governors of several states, and the mayors of a dozen cities, as well as congressman of national importance, is completely disrupted, and the fight among the camps has become so bitter that certain members have been openly charged with selling the secrets of the order to the British government, which, it is alleged, has been the means of supplying information to the London *Times*.

The Clan-na-Gael society was formed in the United States after the abortive revolution in Ireland during the spring of '67. Camps were organized in every city in the United States in which any of the Irish race abounded. Brooklyn has nearly a dozen camps, with a membership of 2,800; New York has more; Philadelphia follows next, then Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburg, Troy, Buffalo, Albany, San Francisco, New Haven, Boston, Lowell, Providence.

Master Workman Powderly was one of its citizens when mayor of Scranton. The society's oath-bound object is to free Ireland. To-day the society is not only split in halves, but one member, said to reside in New Haven, is charged with appropriating $40,000 from the revolutionary funds, and other members of the supreme executive board are charged with having on assessments drawn from time to time from members.

Open warfare has been instituted between the leaders, and the camps are divided into almost equal factions, the seceders taking with them the name Clan-na-Gael, and the camp remaining in the original order adopting another name. Patrick Egan, of Lincoln, Neb.; Alexander Sullivan, of Chicago; Col. McMichael Boland, of Louisville, and Reynolds, of New Haven, form the leaders of the original faction, while John Devoy, Dr. W. B. Wallace, Lawyer Goff, Broadway, are the leading men in the new Clan-na-Gael.

The split which occurred several months ago, was directly brought about by order from the executive to various camps demanding that 50 per cent. of all monies in the treasury of each camp be at once forwarded to the unknown head of the organization. For years there has been discontent among the camps. Members would observe all the money they contributed was going to, but according to the constitution they were not allowed to ask.

Members were supposed to know only the local officers. Before the demand came for 50 per cent. of the money in 365 camps of this country, Alexander Sullivan and other leaders secured the expulsion of John Devoy and his followers. Open charges of robbery were then made. It was alleged that British spies had a foot hold in the order. The result was that a majority of the camps refused to turn over 50 per cent. of their receipts to the treasurer.

Some of these camps were promptly expelled, others had their charters put in abeyance, and others, under the leadership of Houston Stret, Gallagher and Boyle, declared

# TOLEDO BLADE.

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### TALMAGE—A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF A FAMOUS PREACHER.

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### THE GROWTH OF PRACTICAL PROHIBITION SENTIMENT.

While there is no doubt that the Prohibition sentiment of the country is increasing rapidly in favor of legislation to cripple and to crush the infernal traffic, its progress is no less marked in different fields, entirely distinct from that occupied by the law and law-makers. In the social world, the drinking man is still looked upon with more or less tolerance, though the time is rapidly coming when those who are confirmed in the habit will find the majority of all respectable doors closed against them. But the most important revolution is that going on in what may be termed the business world.

It is a well known fact that many of the larger railways of the country will not employ a man addicted to the use of Rum, and with whom the cast-iron rule obtains, which is most rigidly enforced, that any employe found under the influence of liquor is at once discharged. Such a precaution is absolutely necessary for the safety of life and property. A switchman or bridge-tender, his brain stupefied by the fumes of alcoholic poison, is liable to send an express train, loaded with its precious human freight, down to death without a moment's warning.

The same rule practically obtains in many large manufacturing establishments of the country. It is certain that the workman who is habituated to the use of liquor can not do as much work, nor that of as good quality, as the man who never touches the poison; his nerves are unstrung, his hand is not steady, his judgment is poor, his eye is not so correct. It is but just and natural that the employer should desire the services of the best workmen; and as he who is a devotee of Rum is not so good as the sober man, and as he has that most fatal of all defects, unreliability, it is no wonder that the drinker is discriminated against in favor of the non-drinker.

Within a few years the best and safest life insurance companies have been refusing all risks upon the lives of those who drink habitually. The victim of Rum has a far less expectation of life at any given age than the sober man. It is unfair to the policy-holders who do not use liquor to admit men who drink—unless, indeed, a much higher premium is exacted. A sober man at 45 has the same expectation of life as a drinking man at 30. So, as a matter of simple justice, if a risk on the life of the latter were accepted at all, he should pay the same premium as a man who is insured at the age of 45. To make such a distinction, in actual practice, would be impossible; hence, the companies do the next best thing—which is to refuse risks upon drunkards.

This discrimination against drinking men is shown most clearly in the operations of the many secret societies which have sprung up of late years, whose chief purpose is mutual insurance of the lives of their members. A man who is known to be a regular drinker—to have contracted the habit, whether as yet he has become an actual drunkard or not—is debarred from membership, no matter how desirable an acquisition he might be to the lodge in all other respects. Each member in the society has a direct money interest in securing only the best class of risks; a man who drinks is not desirable. Hence, when the ballot-box goes round, those persons among the members who are acquainted with the personal habits of the candidate, quietly drop black balls therein, and he is excluded. There is no public scandal; the fact of his being black-balled is a lodge secret, and pride and mortification on the part of the candidate prevents his ever making the fact public.

Outside of the trades and mechanical operations, among the vast class of clerks and office employes, the same rule is practically becoming more and more enforced. The merchant wants clear-headed men behind the counter or desk; the great corporations require in their offices sober men of regular habits. It is recognized as a safe maxim that Rum opens the door to all kinds of vice and wrong-doing. The man who drinks is liable to be a spendthrift. While he is around town of evenings, having what he denominates a "good time" (but which is in reality a very bad time, because it is ruining his health and threatening his life), he spends more money than he would otherwise. He goes with a lively crowd, like himself under the influence of the exhilarating effects of their potations, and becomes reckless with his purse. Extravagant habits are very easy to acquire and very hard to break. If he can have such a good time from the amount of money which he spends on that occasion, he reasons that he would have a still better time did he have more money. Theft or defalcation follows next in order; exposure and ruin are the inevitable result, followed by flight or the prison. Sagacious business men reason that it is better to avoid these possible losses and the known unreliability of drinking men, by securing sober employes in the first place.

Right here it may be of interest to state the fact that young men in cities, holding positions of great trust, wherein it would be possible for them to steal or embezzle, are often kept under strict surveillance of evenings by their employers. There are in the largest cities detectives who find this one line of work a profitable one, and a source of continual employment. If the head of a great firm, or corporation, or bank, has any reason to doubt the regularity of life of any subordinate in a trusted position, he can, for a comparatively moderate fee, have him shadowed for a week, or a month, or any given time. Each morning the employer receives a written report, beginning at the time the watched person left his business on the previous evening. Every place that he went, every person to whom he spoke, every door he entered, the length of time he remained within, the names of all with whom he was in company—in fact, every minutia of his life until he reached his bed, are carefully jotted down for his employer's edification. One would be entirely safe in making the assertion, if such a young man were found to have bad habits, were accustomed to spend his evenings with wild or reckless companions, or were addicted to drinking, that some pretext would speedily be found for removing him from his position and promoting one considered more worthy of the trust.

And this practical temperance sentiment, this carrying of the Prohibition idea into effect in favor of the total abstainer and against the drinker, is extending year by year. As our population increases, the struggle for existence becomes fiercer and fiercer. The young man starting out in life with nothing but his talents for his fortune finds every avenue filled with others, like himself, anxious to begin the battle of life; to succeed amid this pushing, battling throng, he must cast off all things that impede his progress. As matters already stand, there is nothing that will more surely handicap him than the habit of indulgence in Rum. Besides the expense of such a habit—an expense that young men can ill-afford; aside from the fact that this habit precludes his ever becoming as excellent a workman, as valuable a clerk or employe as his sober competitor; aside from the fact that he shortens, by indulgence in this habit, the number of years in which he is fit for hard mental or physical labor, as well as actually shortening his entire life-term by at least one-third—there is this one great fact staring him in the face at every turn, that employers do not desire the services of intemperate men, when temperate ones, equally capable, can be obtained. The young man who drinks can never obtain the entire confidence of his employer—a thing which is absolutely necessary if he desires rapid progress along the road which leads to honor, wealth and fame.

The above array of facts is one which is worthy of the careful consideration of every young man about starting out in life. They are none the less true because not so widely understood and so constantly indoctrinated as other facts bearing upon the question of success or failure in life. The position is often taken that it is none of the employer's business what the employe may do when not actually engaged in his daily avocations. This is a false bit of logic as applied to the Rum habit, because any indulgence in drink has its effect upon the mental and physical system, and consequently affects to a greater or less degree the working capacity. It is a well-ascertained fact that the drinking man cannot do as much work, nor do it as well, and cannot be so certainly depended upon as the one who does not drink; hence, it is a matter in which the employer has a legitimate right to interfere. In the fierce competition of the working world to-day, the man who lets Rum alone has the advantage. All young men should note this fact and be guided thereby. They owe this duty to themselves, and they owe to their fellow men the duty of uniting with the forces of those who are pledged to the effort to

*Pulverize the Rum Power.*

### TO THOSE NOT SUBSCRIBERS WHO RECEIVE THIS NUMBER OF THE BLADE.

A great many people, who are not subscribers will receive this number of the BLADE. We ask of all such a careful examination, and a just comparison with any other paper printed. And then, if it pleases you, as it will, remit your subscription at once, and secure its weekly visits. $1.00 a year, 30 cents for three months. You will never regret it.

SENATORS VOORHEES and BECK are in Chicago, and both expressed the opinion that the President will call an extra session of Congress about October 1, to consider revenue matters. The money is piling up rapidly in the treasury. The receipts for the first fifteen days of May, three of which were Sundays, amount to $17,801,113, and the expenditures to $5,155,165, leaving the net surplus for twelve business days $12,645,948, or $1,053,829 for each day. If the revenues of the government should exceed its expenses at this rate for the remainder of the year, there would be added to the money already in the treasury the enormous sum of $216,034,945, of which only about $18,000,000 could be used for retiring past-due bonds, leaving nearly $200,000,000 drawn from the circulating medium and piled up in the treasury. It is plain that the currency will suffer considerable contraction if Congress does not decide upon some way of getting this money into circulation again.

It is now thought that this year's immigration will exceed 1,000,000. The character of the immigration has greatly changed of late years. Germany now sends us about one-third as many settlers as she did six or seven years ago, and immigration is falling off. Ireland and Germany have disposed of their surplus population for the present. Russia, Austria, Hungary and Italy show an immense increase. Of the new comers the Russians present rather the best appearance, being tall, vigorous, and with an air of resolution. They are chiefly from the grain-growing regions of the Black Sea. But there is a large per cent of these new-comers who are very poor material out of which to make intelligent American citizens.

THERE seems to be a hope in the minds of the people of Virginia who are anxious to repudiate the honest debts of that once proud but now disgraced state, that the death of Justice WOODS may have an influence upon the settlement of the state debt question. The Supreme court, by a decision of five to four, ruled that the so-called McCullough coupons should be received by the state for dues and taxes. Justice WOODS was one of the five concurring in the decision. If his successor should be of the same opinion as Justices BRADLEY, MILLER, GRAY and the chief justice, the decision might be reversed, as was the case regarding the legality of the legal tender notes.

THERE is trouble over the location of the memorial which the survivors of PICKETT'S (rebel) brigade have been talking of erecting on the Gettysburg battle-field. It seems to us that the proper point for such a memorial should be the most advanced point reached by the men who wore the grey. That charge was a magnificent one, made by brave men, and their valor is worthy of that location. It is to be remembered, too, by the Union soldiers, that PICKETT'S charge, though brilliant, was a failure. The federal line held its ground. This fact should dispose of any objection to the erection of the memorial at that point.

MR. LUCAS, appointed United States Senator by the governor of West Virginia, will oppose the recognition of Mr. FAULKNER, who was elected to the same position by the legislature in extra session, on the ground that that body had no power to elect, as the extra session was not called to choose a senator. It is very seldom a contest is made over a Senatorial seat.

THE Pennsylvania high license bill has been signed by Governor BEAVER. The schedule is a $500 license for cities of 30,000 population or over, $400 for smaller cities, $200 for boroughs and $100 for township hotels

### MR. LOCKE'S ARTICLE ON PROHIBITION AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

We publish on the the first page of this issue of the Weekly BLADE the long-promised article by Mr. D. R. LOCKE, on wiping out the Rum Traffic by law. It is one of the strongest pleas for Prohibition that was ever written, and the most effective of the long series of articles on the subject that have come from Mr. LOCKE'S powerful and incisive pen. We ask every reader of the BLADE to give it an attentive and careful perusal, and then see to it that it is read by others. It should be in the hands of all persons in the United States who are interested in the liquor question—and that embraces everybody.

Every citizen who is a friend of temperance should see to it that this article has a very wide circulation. It is the strongest campaign Prohibition document ever presented to the public. We ask all Prohibition clubs, and temperance organizations of whatever kind, to circulate this masterly effort among the people. To those who wish to use them in furtherance of the effort to pulverize the Rum Power, we make the following extremely low terms:

Special copies sent post-paid for two cents each; or in quantities, post-paid, for $2 per $100. We will send them in 500 or 1,000 lots, post-paid, to one address at 1½ cent per copy.

Send in your orders at once for the quantity you need, accompanied by the cash. Circulate them in every town, every village, every school district in the land. We call especially on our friends in Tennessee, Texas and other states and territories where there is an actual fight being made for Prohibition. This powerful appeal is an indictment of the Rum Power which is absolutely unanswerable.

### OUTRAGES ON PROHIBITION SPEAKERS.

Murder is apparently to become the weapon of the saloonists against all who become active in Prohibition work. The latest outrage is an attempt at murder in the village of Coatesville, Hendricks county, Indiana, on E. R. ELLIS, an active worker for Prohibition, and a member of the Democratic county central committee. A temperance meeting was held in the village on the night of May 17, and ELLIS took strong ground against allowing the sale of rum in any form. STEVE HAMPTON, whose brother runs a "drug store" in the village, waylaid ELLIS as he was going home from the meeting with his two daughters, knocked him senseless with a club, and would have killed him had others not reached the spot. An attempt was made to arrest HAMPTON, but his brother, the drug-store man, appeared with a revolver and covered his escape. ELLIS is severely and possibly fatally injured.

—Since the above was written the telegraph brings news of another attempt at murder because of the utterance of Prohibition sentiments—this time from Springfield, Robertson county, Tennessee. While Rev. T. J. DUNCAN, a Methodist minister, was delivering a lecture in favor of the Prohibitory amendment now before the people of that state, two dynamite cartridges were exploded under the rear end of the church behind the speaker. The ground was torn up and the windows shattered.

In a day or two we expect long accounts denying that these outrages were due to any feeling against the Prohibition sentiments of the persons attacked, but were the outcome of quarrels on other subjects. That appears to be the regular thing when such attacks are made.

### TWO IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE DOCUMENTS.

We call attention to an announcement in the Publisher's Department, fifth page, of two very important Temperance documents, which we have just issued. One is upon the result of Thirty Years of Prohibition in Maine, and the other the testimony of Ten Eminent Physicians as to the effect of Lager Beer upon the Human System. These pamphlets, by D. R. Locke, should be scattered broadcast. They should be circulated by the million. See terms and order at once.

THE workings of the Dow law in Ohio, as they appear to Gov. FORAKER, are set forth by him in a letter to the New York *Times*, in response to a request from that paper for information upon the matter. The following is the substance of his reply:

The law is now in complete and successful operation throughout the state. The imposition of the tax has caused many saloons to close. It would be safe, perhaps, to estimate the number that have closed on this account as many as 3,000, out of a total of 15,000 or 16,000 in the state. Under the local option feature of Sec. 11, prohibition has been adopted in at least 150 and perhaps 200 municipal corporations of the state, and as a result in all of these there is, or will be in the course of time, absolute prohibition. Under this feature of the law probably 2,000 saloons have been closed. The law is very simple in its character. It embodies the two principles of taxation and regulation, the chief feature being taxation and municipal local option. License is prohibited by our constitution, but if it were not, I am sure that in view of our experience our people would prefer taxation, for the reason that it is simpler and in many respects answers the same purpose, while freeing the state from all appearance of complicity with the business, as many claim is the case where the state by issuing a license grant a right to engage in the business. So far, the local option feature has worked very well. While many towns have under it adopted prohibition, many others have voted it down. In other words, prohibition has been declared only in those communities where there is a public sentiment to demand it and to uphold and enforce the law after it has been adopted.

TEN years ago the Mexicans embodied in their federal constitution the provision that no president, having served one term, should be immediately eligible to re-election. Gen. DIAZ was elected directly after this amendment was passed, served out his four years, and retired to private life, as a patriotic and law-abiding citizen should. He was succeeded by GONZALEZ, who followed the same course. There are some people in Mexico, however, who are inclined to think that GONZALEZ was a mere seat-warmer, as he was the closest political friend of DIAZ, and because, at the end of his four years' term, DIAZ was promptly again re-elected to the presidency. His term will expire in 1888, and as he is extremely popular with the Mexican people, an effort has been set on foot to again amend the federal constitution by striking out the one-term clause. A resolution to this effect has passed both houses of the federal congress, and now goes to the legislatures of the several states. There is not the smallest doubt of its adoption by a majority of them, and consequently as certain as any human event in the future can be that the president will succeed himself.

THE Florida Senatorial agony is over, and SAMUEL PASCO is the successor of "JONES of Detroit," in the United States Senate. Mr. PASCO was born in London, England, and spent his youth in Massachusetts, being educated at Harvard. He went to Florida in 1859 and taught school. He enlisted in the rebel army as a private, and rose from the ranks to a captainey. After the war he practiced law. He was a Presidential elector in 1880, and in 1884 was a prominent candidate for governor, but withdrew in favor of PERRY. He has served in the Florida legislature.

THE Michigan Senate has passed the House bill to raise the "age of consent" for girls to fourteen years.

### THE COWARDLY MOBBING OF O'BRIEN.

The BLADE has felt quite sure that the excitement over O'BRIEN'S Canadian tour would result in disgraceful mobs and rioting. It was inevitable that the bigotry of a certain class of Canadians should find this outlet. Last night the Dublin editor was mobbed in the streets of Toronto, and, on reading the telegraphic accounts of the affair one wonders how he escaped with his life. As it was, six persons were injured more or less severely.

The plain fact of the matter is that O'BRIEN'S speeches are having a tremendous effect in Canada. He knows that the minions of the law are listening to every public utterance he may make, in order to find some phase or sentence upon which to base a charge of "seditious utterances," and throw him into prison. Hence his speeches are not mere appeals to prejudice and passion. He puts things in a coldly logical but irresistible way, which compels every thinking man to consider them.

This method of passionless presentation, with the absolute proof which he adduces of the barbarity of the evictions on Lord LANSDOWNE'S Irish estates, is having its effect in the Dominion. The people there, including evidently others besides Irish and French Canadians, have begun to see that there is something in the charges, and that the cruelties perpetuated at Luggacurran really affect the honor and credit of the Governor General.

O'BRIEN'S speeches have even compelled the Canadian press to a partial change of front. The Montreal *Herald* which had joined the other Canadian papers in rebuking O'BRIEN for "invading" the Dominion, published an article after his visit to Montreal which shows a complete change of front under the influence of the eloquent editor's speeches. Lord LANSDOWNE, it says, may not know all his Irish agent does, but he is responsible for the forcible depopulation of his estates. It goes on:

The fact that he is governor general of Canada supplies no reason for silence. Very serious accusations have been made. If they affected the premier of Canada, they would have to be answered. They ought all the more to be met and answered when directed against the governor general of Canada. The question is, Are these things true? The refusal of a hall to Mr. O'Brien in Toronto is no answer; the threat of the Orangemen of Kingston not to permit him to enter the city is no answer.

Then the *Herald* calls upon LANSDOWNE for a circumstantial statement, and warns him that he cannot refuse on the ground that it is his own private affair, as the whole matter has become "very much of a public question." As O'BRIEN went to Canada to make this point with the people of the Dominion, it is evident that his mission is becoming a success. LANSDOWNE was shamed into a brief letter of explanation to Mayor HOWLAND, of Toronto, which does not explain at all. In it the Viceroy says he regrets that persons, "for political purposes," should have "stirred up strife" between him and his tenants, and that he hopes the "difference which have thus arisen may not prove permanent, and that the kind relations which until recently existed between these tenants and myself may, ere long, be completely restored." Lord LANSDOWNE has made a solitude of his Irish estates and called it a "difference." It will be necessary to restore the tenants, now scattered to the winds, before any talk about restoring kind relations can be in order. It is to be feared that this explanation will not remove the rising resentment of the Canadian people. Mr. O'BRIEN has made converts of the people of Lower Canada, and if the authorities of Ontario persist in conniving at the inactivity of the police, which is shamefully conspicuous in the utter lack of effort to control the vile mob that was seeking O'BRIEN'S life, they will help him amazingly to make the conquest of public sentiment there as well.

The dispatches from Toronto declare that O'BRIEN'S visit "seemed to have changed the whole face of Canadian politics." We quote one significant statement as showing the change in the drift of public sentiment:

The extreme sensitiveness shown at the outset to criticism of any sort, whether of Canadian institutions generally, or of Lord Lansdowne's landlordism particularly, where the critics happened not to be resident in the country, and now no man have taken sides, and in the hotels, on the streets, and in newspaper offices, comparisons are being made, and a battle is being fought over the relative advantages of being American citizens or Canadian subjects of Her Majesty.

It is to be borne in mind that O'BRIEN is not attacking LANSDOWNE as the chief executive of Canada, but as an Irish landlord; and it is in this capacity that he demands of him an answer to the unanswerable charges of cruelty and oppression to the poor tenants of Luggacurran. No wonder LANSDOWNE writhes. But the occurrences of last night have made it a necessity that the Governor General should do something. O'BRIEN boldly charges that the rioters know that they have the sympathy and practical connivance of LANSDOWNE and the authorities, and feel emboldened to go on. If LANSDOWNE allows this, he will utterly ruin himself as well as his party in Canada. All the decent element among his political friends will desert him, and he will have no following save the riotous gang of ignorant French Canadians and bigoted Orangemen.

There is in the breast of every true Englishman a feeling in favor of fair play. He may be a zealous political partisan, but he wants to fight fair, and the vile attempt to mob, and perhaps murder Editor O'BRIEN, should rouse this dormant feeling among them. These attempts to silence O'BRIEN by mob law will act as a boomerang. The Dublin editor will make friends through such lawless and villainous proceedings. O'BRIEN'S visit to Canada is now bound to be a triumphant success, and he will ruin LANSDOWNE politically.

MR. BLAINE is going to Europe for the summer, and will sail early next month. His recent illness, while visiting his daughter, Mrs. COPPINGER, in the Indian Territory, frightened him, and he proposes to take a trip of several months' duration for the benefit of his health. We should nos wonder if some of the rabid Bourbon newspapers send correspondents over there to keep up the ceaseless espionage upon his most trifling actions that has been the most marked symptom of the deadly fear in which they hold the Maine statesman. One journal has been paying a round salary to a correspondent located in Augusta, who devotes his time to shadowing the movements of Mr. BLAINE and his household.

A WASHINGTON dispatch announces that Assistant Secretary MAYNARD decides that it is a violation of the law against importing labor under contract to hire persons residing in Drummondville, Canada, to work in this country, and who cross the suspension bridge morning and night going to and returning from work. This ruling of course affects all other similar cases—Detroit, for instance. Rents, etc., are much cheaper in Windsor, the Canadian town opposite that city; and there are hundreds of men employed in Detroit who reside in Windsor on account of its superior cheapness. They will have to remove to Detroit or quit their occupations in that city.

HYATT, the new United States Treasurer, was a Republican till 1872. He joined the "Liberal Republicans"—the mugwumps of that era—supported GREELEY, became a Democrat, has for years been a factotum of "Seven-mule" BARNUM, and now receives his reward. The mugwumps are all headed for the Democratic camp. It is their destiny, though they don't seem to realize it.

THE Prohibition movement in Louisiana is receiving much support from the negroes.

### THE MUGWUMPS AND MUGWUMPERY.

That peculiar manifestation of political prudery called mugwumpery is no new thing; it is as old as civilization. There are always men in this world who, like the Pharisee in the parable, thank God upon the street corners that they are not as other men. You find them in the churches, in society, in business, and in politics.

The mugwumps were those members of the Republican party who, in 1884, refused to support the candidate of their party. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS and others of the clan were delegates to the national convention. They took part in its deliberations, their motto being apparently, "Anything to beat BLAINE." In spite of them, Mr. BLAINE received the nomination. In view of their subsequent conduct during the campaign their first step should have been to withdraw from the convention and refuse to participate in its proceedings. This, however, they did not do. They took an active part in the nomination for the vice-presidency; returned home, and with Mr. CURTIS as their leader, immediately bolted the ticket framed by the convention of which he was a member.

It is a nice question, how far a man is bound in honor to the political support of a personally distasteful nominee, when placed in the position of Mr. CURTIS and his fellow mugwump delegates. While there is nothing binding upon the ordinary voter to support any one whom he finds objectionable, the case was different with those men who were the *fons et origo* of the mugwump movement. To us it seems clear that the man entrusted by the voters of his state or district with the duty of representing them in the national convention, is in all honor bound to abide by the action of that convention, save only in case there is fraud practiced to achieve certain results or secure certain nominations. Should either of these occur, it is any one's duty, as a self-respecting man, to protest against such action and withdraw from the convention.

By this standard—and we believe our readers will agree it is a fair one—the mugwump delegates to the Chicago convention did not deal fairly by the Republican national ticket. There was no fraud perpetrated in the convention. The majority of its members honestly and fairly expressed their preference for Mr. BLAINE. These mugwump delegates tacitly acquiesced in that nomination by remaining in the convention and taking part in its deliberations until its adjournment. Then, playing the role of political Judases, they left Chicago and immediately sold out the nominee to the chief priests and scribes of Bourbon Democracy.

Common decency would have dictated that, even did they not intend to support Mr. BLAINE, they should have kept silent. On the contrary, they sounded the hewgag and gathered an array of hypocritical Republicans and political Pharisees—men sour and discontented because they were not taken at their own valuation by the Republican party, men who prated of personal purity when their own hearts were black with political treachery. The most venomous opposition of the entire campaign was that of this mugwump contingent. Their aversion to Mr. BLAINE was so great that they sat up nights in order to hate him.

It is possible that the total number of these men in New York was sufficient to change the result in that state and give CLEVELAND his beggarly majority of 1,200. As it took but about 600 votes to accomplish this, it is barely possible that there were enough mugwumps, all told. It is not possible that any election will soon occur in which so small a body of men may again be able to accomplish so great a result. Numerically, the mugwumps are insignificant. Our purpose in discussing them just now, is simply to call attention to that peculiar phase of humanity which makes the mugwump possible. Although they arrogate special honor to themselves they are not to be trusted. The man who abandons a party which has trusted and honored him because he claims to be holier than the rest of his fellow-citizens, is an impracticable, and we may say, a dangerous man.

If the same policy were carried out to its logical limits, we would find the mugwumps abandoning the government because the legislative or the executive branch had fallen into bad hands. They would become anarchists, and their influence for evil would be infinitely worse than that of the ignorant foreign-born jawsmiths who preach anarchism among the dregs of humanity in our great cities. For ourselves we would sooner trust Herr MOST, the blatant socialist of New York city, that we would GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, the "Miss ARAMINTHA" of the pharisaical mugwumps. The way to reform a party is to stay within it and act as a leaven upon the rank and file. It is certain the leaders will be in line with the majority of the voters of that party.

A mugwump has been defined by one of their own number as "a Republican who carries his citizenship under his own hat." If he had said "under GROVER CLEVELAND'S hat," he would have come nearer the truth. The mugwumps now are reduced to the pitiful extremity of supporting CLEVELAND because he antagonizes the wishes of the Democratic party. Yet with that non-consistent logic which seems to be a peculiarity of these fellows, they are unable to see that the support of CLEVELAND necessarily involves the support of the Democratic party, which they claim to despise. There is no consistency in such a position. However, your true mugwump is consistent only in his inconsistency.

THE honest people of Michigan seem to be clear-headed enough to put the blame where it really belongs. A butcher at Rockford, Mich., while drunk, committed a murder and was sent to the penitentiary. The wife, who is left with a family of helpless little children, brought suit against the saloonist who sold her husband the liquor upon which he became drunk, and the jury gave the woman $9,500. The telegraphic report says that "The case will be appealed." Of course the scoundrel will endeavor to resist payment.

IT is probable that CLEVELAND will not appoint a successor to Justice WOODS, of the Supreme court, before fall—and possibly not till Congress meets in December. The court adjourns in a few days, and will not again meet until October. The judges, as soon as the court adjourns, will start off on the circuits. The Southern circuit will be unsupplied until a new appointment is made, unless one of the other justices is assigned to hold court there.

THE liquor element of Texas is apparently indignant at the United States. An anti-prohibition procession the other day carried a German flag at its head, instead of the Stars and Stripes. This was a double insult. The American people were insulted at this placing of a foreign flag at the head of a campaign; and the decent Germans of the country were insulted that the flag of their native land should be made the banner of Rum.

IT is said that the new laws of Ohio relating to married persons render obsolete twelve ponderous volumes on dower and curtesy, and thereby greatly simplify the labors of the legal fraternity in cases involving the property rights of husband and wife.

DON'T forget to read Mr. LOCKE'S article on "Prohibition and the Liquor Traffic" on the first page. Circulate it everywhere. Prices given elsewhere.

### OUR PRESIDENTIAL VOTE.

The responses are coming in rapidly to our request for the preferences of the Republican voters who read the BLADE as to the candidate of the party next year for the Presidency.

We do not wish to have the contest extend over a longer time than possible, and again urge all to send us their postal cards at once.

Some of our friends favor us with long letters. We have not room to publish them, and infinitely prefer a postal card, with nothing on it but the answers to the three questions, your name and address. Don't forget the *state*, as we are tabulating the returns by states. We have had to throw away a number, because no state was given. Here is the model card:

COLUMBUS, OHIO, May 24.

1. Blaine.
2. Sherman.
3. Depew.

JOHN SMITH.

That embraces everything that is needed, and nothing more. Get yours up on that model, and let us have them *at once*.

### O'BRIEN'S TOUR IN CANADA.

The tour of Canada now making by Editor O'BRIEN, of the Dublin *United Ireland*, was undertaken for the purpose of arraigning Lord LANSDOWNE, Viceroy of the Dominion, before the Canadians, for the inhuman acts committed by his consent upon his Irish estates. His agent has driven from their homes hundreds of poor tenants on the estate of Luggacurran, and Lord LANSDOWNE is said to be encouraged in the work of merciless eviction by the strangely mistaken utterances of certain Canadian citizens of Irish descent. It may be that these persons never used the words ascribed to them; that they have said nothing that can fairly be construed into approval of the Viceroy's treatment of his tenantry, or into condemnation of Mr. O'BRIEN'S purpose. And it may have been merely a singular coincidence that the Viceroy's refusal to sanction abatements of rent which had been accepted by his representative, should have promptly followed the alleged censure of Mr. O'BRIEN'S intentions by some conspicuous Irish-Americans. Lord LANSDOWNE cannot persist in an unyielding attitude toward his Irish tenantry without exposing himself to unpleasant demonstrations of disapproval and aversion on the part of Irish-Canadians and their sympathizing fellow-citizens. On the other hand, to make concessions at this late hour would seem tantamount to a confession of fear of the great Irish writer and editor.

Already Mr. O'BRIEN'S ringing denunciations of LANSDOWNE'S systematic inhumanity in grinding the faces of his poor Irish tenants has brought things to a fever heat in Canada. There was a desperate effort on the part of the Orangemen to break up his meeting at Toronto Monday afternoon, and the excitement seems to be rising. It is safe to predict that there will be serious trouble yet before Mr. O'BRIEN'S tour is completed. The bitter hatred between the English and Irish races, and also between the Orangemen and the Roman Catholic Irish themselves, are intensified by the recital of the heartless evictions and needless cruelties upon the Viceroy's estates. The Irish Nationalist leaders at Montreal on Sunday took Mr. O'BRIEN to the cemetery in Montreal, and showed him the graves of 6,000 Irish immigrants, the victims of the landlords in 1847 and 1848. A large percentage of those persons were the evicted tenants of LANSDOWNE'S Kerry estates. These poor people came to the United States and Canada, but being without means and friends, became paupers, maintained at the public expense. It is a notorious fact that wards in the New York and Quebec poorhouses were known as the "Lansdowne wards," on account of the number of LANSDOWNE'S tenants who died there. They were not the only victims, however. The Montreal Emigrant society gave an account at the time, describing the horrors of the famine fever that raged among the unfortunate immigrants, from which this extract is taken:

From Grosse Island, the great channel-house of victimized humanity, up to Fort Sarnia, and all along the borders of our magnificent river; upon the shores of Lake Ontario and Erie, wherever the tide of emigration has extended, are to be found the final resting places of the sons and daughters of Erin—one unbroken chain of graves, where repose fathers and mothers, husbands and brothers. In one commingled heap, without a tear bedewing the soil or a stone marking the spot.

While it is true that the civilized world should be made acquainted with the atrocities of English landlordism in Ireland, it is doubtful, we fear, whether Mr. O'BRIEN'S Canadian tour will be of immediate benefit to the five hundred tenants of Lord LANSDOWNE'S Luggacurran estates. The Viceroy may become even more stubborn in enforcing the rigid laws than he has been in the past, for O'BRIEN'S speeches has little in them that would lead a man of LANSDOWNE'S stamp to begin a policy of concession. But the eloquent advocate of Ireland will stir up the friends of justice, both in Canada and the United States, and good may result in the future from his visit.

SOMEBODY has made the discovery that the recent amendments to the Edmunds anti-polygamy law apply to the District of Columbia as well as to the territories and all other places over which the United States has exclusive jurisdiction. It is to be remembered that these amendments are very sweeping in their nature, and are aimed not simply at polygamous marriages, but against social immorality of all descriptions. For instance, the third section prescribes three years' imprisonment in the penitentiary as the punishment for adultery, and of imprisonment for six months and a fine of $100 for fornication. Washington society has been noted for the extreme indulgence in immorality of certain classes of its population, and if the District authorities should undertake to enforce this law strictly, it would work a much to be desired moral revolution.

SENATOR REAGAN, of the inter-state commerce commission, is quoted as saying that body has no authority to suspend the celebrated "fourth section," which is the "short haul and long haul" clause. The provision of the law is that, upon due application to the commission and due investigation by that body, a road may be authorized to charge less for a longer than for a shorter haul, in special cases, where a rigid application of the law would work hardship. He says that the adoption of the exception to take the place of the rule was never contemplated by the framers of the act.

A MOB at Kingston, Ontario, last night, made an attempt to kill O'BRIEN. These hot-heads are making friends for the cause of Ireland among the more intelligent Canadians. Brute force and mob violence are not answers to the fearless editor's arraignment of LANSDOWNE. The question in Canada no longer is whether the governor-general treated his Luggacurran tenants with cruelty and injustice, but whether the right of free speech in the Dominion shall be maintained.

A RUMSELLER of New York city killed himself the other day because, as he said, the law compelling him to close on Sunday ruined his business. In view of this, it is a question of interest how many men have committed suicide because the saloons ruined *their* business?

THE Blainophobists in the Democratic and mugwump ranks appear to be under the impression that the ticket of the Republicans next year will be BLAINE and O'BRIEN.

HAVE you voted yet? If not read the article elsewhere, and send us your postal card at once.

### PROF. SHALER ON THE NATURAL GAS SUPPLY.

In the MAY number of the *Forum*, Prof. N. S. SHALER has an excellent article on the durability of the supply of natural gas. He begins with a brief historical sketch of its finding at various points, up to the beginning of its industrial use in the manufacture of iron in Armstrong county, Pa., in 1876. He thinks the cause of the slowness in taking advantage of it as a fuel was that the first experiments were for illuminating rather than heating purposes. Now that the fuel is in use, Prof. SHALER notes the industrial changes its cheapness is effecting, the decline in the iron works of Massachusetts and of other parts of the country that compete with the gas district being instanced as proof.

The origin of natural gas and the durability of its supply are then considered, and concerning the latter Prof. SHALER is pessimistic. He considers the general source of supply to be the deposits of animal and vegetable substances on the sea floors of former ages, the changes in the earth's crust by upheavals bringing them into their present position. The manner of the retention of the gas in each reservoir is described in accordance with generally accepted views. It is considered likely that the Mississippi valley section of the country, and but a small part of it, can be alone looked to as a field of supply in any quantities, the Eastern slope of the Appalachians and the country from the Rocky Mountains west having been subjected to geological pressure and upheavals such as would undoubtedly expel the gas.

Prof. SHALER believes the discovered gas fields are being rapidly exhausted, and that state ownership or control of the gas fields by capitalists who shall operate them economically and conservatively are the only things that can prevent scandalous waste. Private ownership of the wells he considers the greatest enemy of the durability of the supply. He notes the theory of the continuous production of gas, but quotes others familiar with the subject to show that this contribution is too slow to materially affect the process of exhaustion. He fears, therefore, that a large part of the capital engaged in supplying gas may be lost. Another interesting point in the article is this:

At present the use of natural gas, by reducing the cost of certain manufactured articles, is affording the producers of these goods an advantage over foreign competitors. It seems probable that the cheapening of manufactured iron due to this new source of fuel supply may open to us foreign markets from which we are now excluded. It is, therefore, interesting to consider whether, in other countries, this gas is likely to be found in large quantities. It appears probable that none of the great seats of manufacturing industry in Western Europe are likely to find any sources of supply of rock gas sufficiently extensive to prove of value.

Eastern Europe and all the great tract of undisturbed stratified rocks in Northern Asia are likely to afford supplies of natural gas similar to our own. In other parts of Asia, as well as in the other continents, Africa, South America and Australia, it seems probable that there may be abundant stores of this material. But so far as the development of this resource can be determined by the general geological conditions of the countries, it does not appear likely that large supplies of natural gas may be reckoned on in any of the industrial centers of the Old World. Therefore this particular commercial advantage is likely for the present to retain a peculiar possession of our American manufacturers.

### OUR PORTRAIT OF LOGAN.

Our portrait of the lamented LOGAN is finished, and being mailed. It is a splendid work of art, and will be highly prized by those who secure it.

And speaking of our series of portraits of the great generals of the late war, there is one point to which we wish to call attention. These portraits are engraved from photographs taken from life, and were furnished us by the Generals themselves, at our request, as being the view of the face and the expression they desired to be remembered by. Two, Gen. GRANT and Gen. SHERMAN, sat expressly for us, and SHERIDAN and LOGAN sent us those that they preferred.

In a very few years the BLADE portraits of the great Generals will have an increased value from this fact. They are not only works of art, but they are faithful, absolute likenesses.

We send them to any address at 25 cents each, singly, or 65 cents for the four. The four great religious heroes, the two WESLEYS, CALVIN and LUTHER, at the same price, the whole eight for $1.15. Order at once.

### MR. BLAINE'S ALLEGED TOUR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

To-day's batch of telegraphic gossip concerning Mr. BLAINE is quite interesting. It is declared that he is going to England to meet GLADSTONE, and that he will be invited to deliver addresses upon Home Rule at

# WHO FOR PRESIDENT?

## WHO IS YOUR CHOICE FOR THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEE?

**Every Republican Voter Is Requested to Send Us a Postal Card Vote.**

We ask every reader of the BLADE to take the trouble to send us his views on the Republican Presidential nominee in 1888. Take a postal card and answer upon it the following questions. Use only the numbers in answering:

1. Who is your first choice for Republican Presidential candidate in 1888?
2. Who is your second choice?
3. Who is your choice for Vice President?

Sign your name, with your postoffice address, and put *nothing else* upon the card. Address it simply: "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

Here is a model card as to style—of course you will put in whatever names suit you:

COLUMBUS, OHIO, May 24.
1. Blaine.
2. Sherman.
3. Depew.
JOHN SMITH.

We wish every voter who reads the BLADE to have the kindness to send us his postal card as soon as possible, as it will take some time to properly tabulate the returns. We propose doing this by states, as we will thus be enabled to see the drift of sentiment in the different sections of the country, the BLADE having readers in every state and territory in the Union.

**Don't fail to give your name, Postoffice and STATE.**

Send us your postal card!

WE commend to the wide-awake business public the sentiments of the following extract, which we find in a Western exchange:

No man can sell goods by storing them in a cellar, locking the door and hiding himself in an alley. He must rent a good store, decorate it, advertise his wares and solicit custom. The same rule stands good in regard to a town. If its citizens do not advertise their advantages they will never be able to do any more than hold their own citizens, and hardly that. Nowadays when the rush of capital is so great from one section to another, a city that sits down and does nothing is exactly in the situation of a man who puts his goods in a cellar and hides himself in an alley.

THE editor of the *Catholic Review* must have served an apprenticeship on a newspaper editorial staff. It has the following excellent suggestion of a way to discourage prize-fighting:

In England, the birth-place and home of prize-fighting as a profession, while boxing has by no means become a lost art, prize-fighting, so far as the general public is concerned, has fallen into utter disrepute and become a very precarious means of livelihood. Why? Because the press buried it under silence. Over here just now prize-fighting flourishes, though even here there are growing signs of decay. Why does it flourish? Because the press chronicles it. Is not a duty which the press owes to its own dignity and honor as well as to public morals to shut down resolutely on this brutal fraud?

IT is a doctrine which can not be too persistently preached, that the main duty, in fact the only duty, of an executive officer is to enforce the law. It is a matter beyond his province whether the law be good or bad. He has nothing to do but to see that it is properly executed. If it be a good law, it is certainly a necessity that it should be enforced. If it be a bad one, there is no surer way of obtaining its speedy repeal than by its strict enforcement. This applies to all officers and to all laws, prohibitory or otherwise.

A WASHINGTON correspondent asserts that he has positive information to the effect that the President has reduced the list of names in contemplation for the vacant seat on the Supreme Court Bench to two, and that he now hesitates between JOHN RANDOLPH TUCKER, of Virginia, and Senator MORGAN, of Alabama. TUCKER'S age should bar him, and also that the Virginia Bourbons, of whom he is one, are hoping to have the decision of the Supreme court on the state debt question reversed.

IN the Circuit court at Morristown, N. J., CHARLES B. REYNOLDS was tried and found guilty on a charge of blasphemy, the punishment for which is $200 fine or twelve months' imprisonment. Col. REYNOLDS'S offense was the distribution of a pamphlet argument against the infallibility of the Bible. Col. "Bob" INGERSOLL defended REYNOLDS, who was formerly a Methodist minister.

COL. FRED GRANT, appointed by Governor HILL, of New York, as Quarantine commissioner, will, if confirmed, succeed ex-United States Senator THOMAS C. PLATT, who has held over in that office for two or three years after the expiration of his term, owing to the refusal of the Republican Senate to confirm any Democrat appointed as his successor.

THE representatives of all the building trades of Chicago, employing about 50,000 men, have unanimously agreed to require every employe to sign a statement recognizing the right of individual action in all labor contracts, irrespective of any dictation from any union or association. The lockout will be declared off June 1, and the free shop experiment will then be tried.

THERE is hope that the dry weather will soon be broken, at least over the eastern half of the United States. The moist Gulf winds will soon set in, and we will have rain, and a consequent moderation of the hot wave. A decrease in atmosphere pressure will bring this desirable change about, and the indications are that we are on the eve of this barometric drop.

THE *Public Service Review* is the title of a new journal devoted to the interests of the civil, military and naval services—national, state and municipal. It gives a monthly report of the stations of the land and naval forces of the United States. It is printed by the Public Service Publishing Co., New York.

KANSAS should be thoroughly well governed, since its executive department is almost entirely in the hands of newspaper men. The governor, lieutenant governor, one of the railway commissioners, the commissioner of insurance, and a dozen or two minor officials, are all men of journalistic experience.

THERE is not a Republican in any federal office in Tennessee. Every one has been removed, and a Bourbon put in his place. But there is discontent among the faithful. There were not enough offices to go around, and those who are "left" are mightily indignant.

THE Presidential boom of Gov. HILL, of New York, is about to invade Ohio. He has accepted an invitation to attend the natural gas celebration at Findlay, on June 9, 10 and 11. Our Bourbon brethren should invite him to attend their state convention at Cleveland also.

MR. O'BRIEN, it turns out, was badly hurt by the mob at Toronto. He received severe injuries in his side, and his doctors advise him to remain quiet for at least two weeks.

EDITOR O'BRIEN, now in Canada with a chip on his shoulder which he asks Lord LANSDOWNE to knock off, has been elected to Parliament from Cork.

## THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE LAW.

The people of the country are gradually realizing that the arbitrary advance in railway rates was not a legitimate result of the enforcement of the inter-state commerce law, but was a shrewd move on the part of the railways themselves to create popular feeling against it. The sober second thought is beginning to tell, and there is much more disposition to give the law a fair trial and ascertain where it is defective and what amendments it may need, rather than to call for its repeal. The commission is overwhelmed with work, but is slowly evolving order out of the chaos in which they found the business devolving upon them. Judge COOLEY, the chairman of the committee, has recently written a letter which sets forth the opinion of that body upon a number of points which have been raised concerning the workings of the law. It may be of interest to present to our readers the following summary:

First—That the commission does not consider that it possesses the power to suspend permanently the operations of the fourth section—the famous "long and short haul" clause. They believe that to be a vital point of the law.

Second—The law binds the commissioners just as much as it does the public, and it is not for them to suspend the operation of the "long and short haul" clause, even though it may seem to them oppressive or unwise. They have nothing to do with that matter. Their only duty is to see that the law is enforced, and that it works no special hardship in any individual instance. While Judge COOLEY is of the opinion that the operation of the law will, on certain roads, be unfavorable, he thinks that it is perfectly clear that Congress understood and appreciated this fact, but considered that the law would result in the greatest good to the greatest number, which is the paramount object of all law.

Third—That the commission will construe the powers conferred upon them regarding the suspension of the fourth section with strictness, and will order no such suspension except for special reasons, which, after due examination, they believe to be valid.

In view of this utterance, which is quasi-official, there is no need of further speculation as to the suspension of the fourth section. It is clear that every application by individual roads will be examined and determined according to its merits. It will be remembered that a suspension for 90 days from April 19 has already been made in the case of the Southern Traffic association, which embraces a large number of the roads in that section, and also in the case of the transcontinental lines. The applications of all these roads have yet to be examined and passed upon to determine whether the suspension shall continue after the 90 days have expired.

It is plain, too, that the commission does not consider itself responsible for any ill-effects which may arise from the strict and vigorous enforcement of the law. The railroads will have to appeal to Congress. In point of fact, the actual battle will have to be fought out in the halls of legislation, and it will pay the people of every section to keep a close watch upon their Congressional representatives.

## CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW ON THE DRINK QUESTION.

HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, of New York, made a speech a few days ago to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, that contains a vast amount of solid, hard common sense. It is worth the most serious consideration, especially by young men just starting out upon a life career:

Looking back upon a life of nearly fifty years I remember those who started with me. All of those who were sober and industrious and saved their money now own their own households; but every one of those who drank is dead.

If there is one place in the world where drinking cannot be permitted it is on a railway. A man who was employed by me was discharged for drinking. He had held many prominent positions. Had been a supervisor of his town, a member of assembly, and a member of the senate, and his friends protested against his being thrown out of employment after having had an honorable career. I told them that the engineer and fireman on a train had to believe that the station agent knew what he was doing; that the telegraph operator was sober, and sent the proper dispatches; that the keeper of the switches observed the proper signals; that the watchmen were at their posts and that the conductor had correct orders. If either one was drunk, murder would be committed, and I was not going to employ a man who might be a party to it, although unintentionally. [Applause.]

Now capital organizes in these days for the simple reason that a road like the New York Central could not be owned by one man. The millionaire puts in his half million, the capitalist his $200,000, the farmer and mechanic their hundreds, and the widows their mites. Together they form this monstrous monopoly. It is simply a co-operative society and you and I are simply the employes. The road will earn $34,000,000 this year.

Thirty-four millions taken out of the pockets of that people and put into the pockets of these robbers! Now, out of that amount twelve millions go for wages of the employes. Ten and a half go for oil, for coal, for timber, and spikes; eight for interest. That leaves three and one-half millions for the stockholders. That makes the stockholders bloated capitalists, but I don't know as any of them have busted yet. Blatant agitators condemn the railroads and their stockholders as thieves and robbers. They don't know what they are talking about, and I don't want anything to do with them. [Loud applause.]

THE "New South" of which GRADY prated seems to be as intolerant as the Old South was, as is illustrated by this incident: GEORGE W. CABLE, the novelist, was engaged to deliver a lecture in Columbia, S. C., next Friday night for the benefit of a public library fund; but such is the feeling of the people there over some of Mr. CABLE'S criticisms of social life in the South that it was deemed advisable to cancel the engagement, and Mr. CABLE will not lecture. There seems to be no remedy for for this petty pride and provincial arrogance. The Southern people, excellent as they are in character in a great many ways, have no conception, apparently, that the narrowness and intolerance of which this is an example keeps them constantly behind in the development of the country. It is the great obstacle to the nationalization of the people of the United States.

THE tariff issue is the leading one in the Kentucky campaign, and the question will be widely discussed between now and August 1, the date of the election. Hon. WM. O. BRADLEY, the Republican candidate for governor, is making an active campaign. He is a lawyer of superior attainments and reputation, a scholar, and a gentleman of dignified character and unsullied reputation. Still a comparatively young man, being only about 40 years of age, it is confidently predicted that he will be well and heartily supported by young voters. He was one of the famous "306" Grant phalanx at the Chicago national convention in 1880.

CLEVELAND is going on a fishing excursion, and the Baltimore *American* talks right out in meeting as follows:

The announcement that the President intends to leave the city on the 26th inst., has thrown a damper on the prospects of the drill and the observances of Decoration Day. His departure will be a big disappointment to the throngs of people who are coming here from all parts of the country to see the troops. The presence here of military officials would also suggest the propriety of his remaining here to allow them to pay their respects. So far no President has dodged the pleasant duty of paying his respects to the honored dead on Decoration Day. Will Mr. Cleveland do it? is now the question.

GEN. FAIRCHILD, of Wisconsin, commander in chief of the G. A. R., has issued a general order covering a number of points, among which is the following:

The Grand Army of the Republic knows no such day as "Decoration Day." Such is not its proper designation. In our Rules and Regulations and Ritual it is named MEMORIAL DAY. On that day we decorate the graves of our dead. It is earnestly requested that comrades habitually use the appropriate name.

THE quarrels between the two factions of the Knights of Labor in New York and Brooklyn, seems to be growing more and more bitter, and the efforts made to reconcile them have apparently only made matters worse.

## OUR PORTRAIT OF LOGAN.

Our portrait of the lamented LOGAN is finished, and being mailed. It is a splendid work of art, and will be highly prized by those who secure it.

And speaking of our series of portraits of the great generals of the late war, there is one point to which we wish to call attention. These portraits are engraved from photographs taken from life, and were furnished us by the Generals themselves, at our request, as being the view of the face and the expression they desired to be remembered by. Two, Gen. GRANT and Gen. SHERMAN, sat expressly for us, and SHERIDAN and LOGAN sent us those that they preferred.

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We send them to any address at 25 cents each, singly, or 65 cents for the four. The five great religious heroes, the two WESLEYS, CALVIN, LUTHER and TALMAGE for 80 cents, the whole nine for $1.25. Order at once.

## WESTERN STORMS.

**Several Persons Killed by Lightning—Houses Blown Down.**

CLAY CENTER, Kans., May 24.—Idana, a small town eight miles west of here, was visited with quite a wind storm last evening. About 6:30 p. m. the storm came rolling from the north and separated just before reaching the town.

It came together again with terrific force, destroying five dwellings and a school house, blowing six cars from the railroad track and doing considerable damage generally.

DEXTER, Mo., May 24.—While a number of citizens were returning from a prayer meeting near Leora Sunday night, James L. Butler was struck by lightning and instantly killed, and Robert McLain was paralyzed and is in a critical condition. Four companions were severely shocked.

WHITEHALL, Ill., May 24.—The son of Michael Welsh was found dead beside a fence on Calvin Hick's farm. He was crossing a wheat field from a base ball game when he was struck by lightning.

## CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

**Good Feeling and Free Commercial Intercourse Wanted.**

TORONTO, May 20.—[Special wire.]—The discussion of the question of commercial union, commenced by the Board of Trade of this city last week, was resumed last night, and a vote was taken at a late hour.

The resolution as carried is as follows:

That the board is of the opinion that the true policy of enlightened nations in their commercial intercourse, is the maintenance of a friendly and generous spirit, and to avoid all irritating conditions; that neither in its trade nor other relations should any cause of strife exist between the two countries.

That the board believes that a commercial treaty creditable and advantageous alike to both parties can be framed in such a spirit of fairness as will afford the best guarantee for its perpetuity, and that the board is in favor of employing all laudable means to secure an end so much to be desired, but that it disapproves of any proposal to discriminate against Great Britain, whose protection the country enjoys, and under whose watchful and fostering care the people have come to occupy an enviable position among the nations of the earth.

## WILL STIFFEN UP.

**Starch Manufacturers to Stand by Their Schedule.**

CHICAGO, May 20.—[Special wire.]—The starch manufacturers of the west held a protracted meeting yesterday. It was claimed that the present condition of the trade was utterly demoralized by the ruinously low prices at which many of the new manufacturers were selling their products.

So great had been the cutting that the manufacturers found it impossible to realize 10 per cent. on the goods sold, and it was believed time to call a halt. It was stated that there were but 23 starch manufactories in the United States, which, considering the immense amount of the article used, ought to permit the business to be legitimately conducted and allow a fair percentage of profit to all engaged.

The magnitude of the business may be estimated when it was stated that an increase or decrease of one-eighth per cent. involved a profit or loss of $4,000,000. It was finally decided to adhere to present prices and to maintain the schedule as adopted by the association.

## WHISKY AND DYNAMITE.

**They Travel Hand in Hand Down in Tennessee.**

NASHVILLE, Tenn., May 20—[Special wire.]—Intelligence has been received of what seems to be a dastardly attempt made at Springfield, Robertson county, to kill the Rev. T. J. Duncan, pastor of the Methodist church in Pulaski, while he was engaged in delivering a lecture on prohibition.

Mr. Duncan, by invitation, was addressing a large audience in a church when a terrific report at the rear of the edifice was heard.

The audience became greatly alarmed and the excitement was intensified by a second report, which quickly followed the first. Mr. Duncan kept cool and resumed his discourse.

After the conclusion an examination of the premises was made, resulting in the discovery of the fact that two dynamite cartridges had been fired in the rear of the stand occupied by Mr. Duncan. The ground was torn up for some distance around, and the glass in the windows was shattered.

## MICHIGAN FIRES.

**They Continue to Burn—Heavy Rain the Only Relief Possible.**

DETROIT, Mich., May 23.—Specials from the Upper Peninsula report the forest fires still raging. From all parts of the peninsula come reports of continued drouth, and the danger to many towns is as evident as at any time.

Baraga narrowly escaped the fate of Lake Linden yesterday. At last reports Ironwood was threatened, but the wires are down and no news has been received since last night. Unless heavy rain comes soon much greater damage is feared near Negaunee.

SUPERIOR, Wis., May 23.—The village of Hawthorne, on the Omaha road, about eighteen miles south of here, was entirely destroyed by fire, which is now sweeping through the valuable timber in that vicinity.

## THE POTATO BUG.

**He Arrived Early and is Biding his Time—Tree Fruit Scare.**

DAYTON, O., May 23.—[Special wire.]—Potato bugs are to be found by the millions in all this portion of the Miami valley. They put in an appearance before the potatoes were planted, and in many localities the planting was delayed in hopes these Colorado pests would leave, but they are here to stay.

To the surprise of horticulturists there will be a very light apple and cherry crop in this valley. The bloom was profuse and the promise great, but cold rain and high winds at the time the trees were in full bloom prevented proper fertilization, and the fruit was lost. Tree fruit will be scarce, berries and grapes abundant in this vicinity.

## WHISKY CAUSED IT,

**And the Saloonist is Held for $9,500 Damages.**

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., May 20.—John Boyd, a butcher of Rockford, last summer murdered W. B. Johnson. Boyd was half crazed with liquor at the time and made no effort to escape.

He was convicted of murder and sentenced for life, leaving a wife and four children helpless, the youngest only three days old.

Annie Boyd, wife of the murderer, sued Christopher Post, a saloonist of Rockford, for selling her husband liquor, claiming $20,000 damages.

The case has been on trial all the week, and went to the jury last night and a verdict rendered, giving the woman $9,500. The case will be appealed.

## TROUBLE FEARED.

**There is Consolation in the Knowledge That all Agitators did not Come Over.**

BRUSSELS, May 23.—[Special wire.]—A meeting of the Workingmen's party was held here yesterday. Many of the delegates were not in favor of a general strike, but said they would join in such movement if a majority so decided. It was resolved to hold daily demonstrations in favor of universal suffrage and the granting of amnesty to the persons now imprisoned for participation in the riots of 1886.

A final meeting of the delegates will be held, when the question of a general strike will be decided. At several meetings held in Charleroi the proposal for a general strike was approved. The burgomaster of Charleroi has asked for a battery of artillery.

## O'BRIEN QUITE ILL.

**The Injuries Liable to Result Seriously—To Go to Hamilton.**

NIAGARA FALLS, May 23.—Wm. O'Brien came to Niagara Falls, hoping to be out of the way and to get rest. When the train arrived a crowd was collected to meet him. O'Brien was taken possession of by several hundred persons, carried to his carriage and driven to the International hotel. A delegation from Rochester called. Buffalo sent Father Patrick Cronin, editor of the *Catholic Union and Times*, and Jas. Mooney, ex-president of the Irish National League of America. Visitors from Hamilton and other points called on O'Brien, who remained in his room all day. The doctors say that inflammation of the base of the lungs is likely to result from Mr. O'Brien's injuries, as he is suffering from a severe cold. Although scarcely able to speak above his breath, he determined upon going to Hamilton to-day. His friends are alarmed at this resolve, not because of fear of another attack, but because the journey and effort in making another speech is likely to overpower him and imperil his life.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., May 23.—Mr. O'Brien did not leave his bed to-day until 11 o'clock, and then he was so weak as to be almost unable stand.

"I will go to Hamilton," he said, "they expect me, and I have arranged to go and cannot disappoint my friends."

He will arrive in Hamilton at 3 p. m. The meeting will not, as has been stated, be held during the day, but will take place at night.

There is something which Mr. O'Brien says he does not understand. Toronto is not more than 40 miles from Hamilton, and it is reported that bodies of Orangemen are going to make a descent from the larger city upon Hamilton and join with the local Orangemen in making an attack on Mr. O'Brien's life.

The Nationalists will be organized this time and Mr. O'Brien approves the idea that they should be, and that outside aid should be sent to Hamilton, which will now probably be done by friends in Buffalo and other Irish centers.

## COLLISION AT SEA.

**Two Ocean Flyers Pile up on Each Other**

NEW YORK, May 23.—Thursday, May 19, at 5:25 p. m., while weather was calm, sea smooth, the British steamer Celtic, of the White Star line, from Liverpool, came into collision with the British steamer Brittanic, of the same line, from New York to Liverpool. Four persons were killed. Both vessels arrived in safety.

The officers of the Brittanic and the Celtic are very reticent. Capt. Perry has, however, been induced to say that the Celtic was to blame in that she did not back at full speed, for that would have helped the Brittanic to clear, or at least lessened the blow, but there seems to have been no alteration made in the speed of the vessel.

Some of the steerage passengers complain that the dead bodies were disposed of in a manner that lacked even the elements of decency. They aver that the sailors shoveled overboard the bloody fragments much as they did the small debris caused by the collision.

It was officially stated at the office of the White Star line this morning, that as far as known, but four of the steerage passengers killed in the collision between the Celtic and the Britannic were buried at sea. Of this number Jane Robinson, 13 years old, of Fall River, Mass., and James Timberry, of Jersey City, were known to be killed out right.

Two passengers, James Greenale and Adam Johnson, addresses unknown, are missing and supposed to belong to the four who were buried at sea. Some of the passengers insist that in addition to this number a fleshy woman with black hair was also killed and given a burial. The official list of the Celtic numbered 765 steerage passengers.

Tom Egan, just over, was an intermediate passenger on the Celtic. He was standing on the bridge of the Celtic when the Britannic first came in sight through the dense fog. He said to a reporter:

"The Britannic was running at full speed and the Celtic very slow. When first seen the Britannic was heading to the starboard of the Celtic, and without changing her course would have scraped her starboard side. The Celtic signalled and began to back water. The signal I understood to direct giving way to the starboard; in doing this the Britannic turned across the Celtic's bow.

"At first I thought she would clear us, she was going so fast, but a moment later it was apparent there would be a collision. Just before striking the Celtic veered to the right a little and struck back of the center of the Britannic."

## THE MILLENNIUM.

**A Texas Democrat Who Thinks the Negro Has Some Rights.**

AUSTIN, Tex., May 23.—The murder of the colored boy Andrew McGee at Willis, Saturday night, by a mob of so-called respectable citizens, was such a palpable outrage as to call forth the remonstrance of a Democratic attorney general of Texas, an event of rare occurrence where the victim is a colored person. Attorney General Hogg's letter to the prosecuting attorney of Montgomery county, is as follows:

DEAR SIR:—The murderers of the negro prisoners in Willis's calaboose last Sunday, as reported in the papers, ought to be apprehended, indicted and prosecuted to the full extent of the law. There can be no justification, excuse or mitigation of the act, and for it to pass without apprehension and punishment will be but to permit its encouragement and insure its growth.

The question of the negro's offense has nothing to do with the more hideous crime of those murderous fiends who, when a prisoner, in custody of the law, and certain of punishment for what he had done; while they were a mob of outlaws, holding the laws of both God and man in contempt, and they shed the blood of an incarcerated, shackled, helpless human being in the most heartless, cruel and savage manner.

Any good citizen of Montgomery county who connived at, or at least sympathizes with, such violation of law not only reflects upon his own section but inflicts dishonor and disgrace upon the whole state.

So it is earnestly trusted that you will at once take a vigorous, faithful hold of this matter and give it the fullest possible attention.

Go upon the ground and institute a fearless and exhaustive investigation, and if you fail there, go before the next grand jury and press the matter to the bitter end with that body.

You will always find plenty of true, faithful, law-serving men who will fearlessly and efficiently protect the honor of their county and of the state. Should you need assistance in any way, as in the apprehension or prosecution of these criminals, please indicate your desires to this department and to our worthy governor, and every possible support and aid will be freely and cheerfully afforded you.

Mob law must be put down in Texas, and Texas officers and Texas citizens will do it.

In earnest and with great respect I am your obedient servant,

J. S. HOGG, Attorney General.

## BURNED TO DEATH.

**A Sad and Fatal Accident at the Kerrville Academy.**

MEMPHIS, Tenn., May 23.—[Special wire.]—News has reached here of a sad accident which occurred Friday night at Kerrville, about 50 miles from this city, by which a young lady was burned to death and several terribly injured.

The Kerrville academy was giving its annual exhibition in the main hall of its building. A temporary stage had been erected in one end, and 300 persons packed the room. The curtain had dropped on the first act of a play, and in the next scene ten young ladies, dressed in white garments, were to appear.

As the curtain was rising again a coal oil lamp that was on the table close by where the young ladies were standing, in some way was upset, setting fire to the draperies of the stage. The dress of Miss Maggie Long, a girl of 13, caught fire, ane she was soon enveloped in flames. The audience and those who were on the stage were panic-stricken and rushed pell mell in every direction.

Women screamed and fainted, and the men seemed powerless to act. One young man, Haywood Fowler, in trying to save Miss Long, was seriously if not fatally burned. The young lady's suffering was great, and she died soon afterward.

Telegrams received from Houtzdale and Clearfield, Pa., states that forest fires are raging and the towns are in imminent danger of destruction.


READ THIS!

A $2 WASHING MACHINE FREE!

Last year we placed upon the market the greatest labor saving invention of the 19th century. It was a self-operating Washing Machine. It washed the clothes clean WITHOUT THE WASHBOARD AND DOING WHAT[illegible]. We advertised a few hundred free to introduce them, and through these free samples sold over 80,000. One lady in Chicago (Mrs. Nelson Holt, 335 W. 15th St.,) was so well pleased with her sample that she became an agent and sold over 1200 in four months. W. C. Hamill, Box 357, Toronto, Ont., ordered over 600 after testing his sample. We have scores of just such example as this. It pays "to cast your bread upon the waters." OUR GREAT OFFER. This year we intend to sell not less than ONE MILLION WASHERS, and to do this we will first start off by GIVING AWAY 1000 samples. All we ask of those who receive one is that they will give it a good trial, and if satisfactory recommend it to their friends. Agents are coining money. We have several who are making $80 per day and upwards. "First come, first served." So if you want one from the lot we are going to give away, send us your name and address at once. Address, MONARCH LAUNDRY WORKS, 22 Warren St., N. Y.
(Mention this paper).

SALT RHEUM.

My head and face were a solid mass of putrefaction and my ears discharged offensive matter in large quantities. I had almost despaired of getting well. J. N. Perry, Potter Brook, Pa., said that Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy had cured him of

SCROFULA

and I resolved to try it. I had not used one bottle when I began to improve. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is the greatest blood purifier I know of.—J. A. Parker, Sunderlinville, Pa. Chas. F. Owen, Ironville, N. Y., says: "I suffered for a long time with Salt Rheum, which caused my flesh to swell and crack. I preferred death to life in this manner. I used Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and now have not the first symptoms of the disease." Send 2 cent stamp to Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y., for book how to cure Kidney, Liver and Blood disorders. Mention this paper.

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy,

Prepared at Rondout, N. Y. Druggists. $1; 6 for $5


## CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Minister Strauss has arrived at Constantino.

The Austrian Derby was won by Rotchschild's Zupar.

The second annual convention of the National Butchers's association is in session in Chicago.

J. S. Galladay, member of the Fortieth Congress from the Third Kentucky district, has died.

John Rundell & Son's planing mill and box factory, at Newark, N. J., has burned. Loss $70,000. Covered.

Sarah Field, a Delaware Indian, has been sentenced to be hanged August 12, for the murder of her daughter's illegitimate child.

The German Reichstag has approved the international treaties for the protection of works of literature and art and of submarine cables.

The 100 mile bicycle road race for the championship of America, was started on the Clarksville, Mo., belt road. There were sixteen entries.

It is believed that England and Turkey will propose a conference of the powers to settle the reforms of the Egyptian capitulation by a new convention.

Norcom L. Seguin, the manager of the Philadelphia Umbrella Co., it is reported, has embezzled $85,000 of funds held in trust by him, and has run away.

Madame Leohoyde, soprano, and for years the leading singer in St. Paul cathedral, Pittsburg, committed suicide by hanging. She had been in poor health.

It is stated that the Canadian government and the Imperial government propose jointly to arrange for a re-survey of the St. Lawrence river as far as Quebec.

A four-story brick building, in course of demolition, collapsed in New York and buried ten men in the ruins. Seven were injured, five seriously, and two but slightly.

William Warnecke, of Cypress City, Texas, has shot and fatally wounded his sister, Mrs. Rumple. When asked why he had attempted the murder he coolly walked away.

The brickmakers' scale at Pittsburg has been signed by twelve firms out of the 26. The demand for brick is good, and the workmen expect to win all along the line in a few days.

De Bensaude, husband of Violet Cameron, has obtained $1,650 damages against the Manchester *Umpire* for a libel contained in an interview with Lord Lonsdale published in that paper.

Something like a consternation has been created in parliamentary circles in London by the news that the Imperial government would likely refuse a subsidy to the Canadian steamship line.

Under the order of reorganization of the revenue districts the following are abolished: Second district of Illinois, fourth district, Illinois, eleventh district of Indiana, and sixth district of Ohio.

Capt. L. A. Cole took a party of friends out for a sail on Traverse bay. The yacht capsized, throwing the party into the bay. D. G. Stark, Geo. Wise, Capt. Cole, Fred. Cole and Marion Trip were drowned.

Col. Sir Joseph Ridgeway, who has charge of the British section of the Afghan Boundary commission, has received fresh instructions from his government, and has returned to St. Petersburg from Moscow.

The Turkish government, in a note to the powers, says it is unable to reconcile the opposing parties in Bulgaria, and asks the powers to name a candidate for the Bulgarian throne who will be likely to suit the sobranje.

Judge Boyd, of Dublin, has ordered the release of Father Ryan, of the Herbertown branch of the National League, and Father Slattery, imprisoned for refusing to give testimony in relation to the plan of campaign.

Ben Bates quarrelled with a nephew, Joe Bates, about family matters and shot him dead at Bayou Goula, La. Peter Bates, father of Joe, then shot his brother Ben wounding him mortally. Peter Bates was arrested.

The fifty-hour walking match at Lincoln, Neb., has closed. The O'Leary winner. Score: O'Leary, 200 miles and 42 laps; Hart, 199 miles and half a lap; Huffman, 148 miles and 17 laps, and Ross, 125 miles and 8 laps.

The Westphalian manufacturing company will close its work in Russia, owing to the heavy duties imposed by the new tariff on material purchased by the company. Several failures of firms in the textile trade are announced.

E. S. Densmore, an employe of the executive mansion at Washington for about 12 years, and who has an acquaintance with nearly every prominent man in the country whom business has called to the White House, has tendered his resignation.

The secretary of the Interior has issued an order to land grant railroads for them to show cause why certain lands embraced in the settlement of lands within their indemnity limits should not be revoked, and the same opened to settlement entry.

It is announced that a pardon would have been extended to Ouilanoff, one of the men executed the week before for complicity with the plot to kill the czar, had he asked for it. He refused to make application for clemency, although his mother implored him to do.

The President has appointed W. A. Wallace, New York; H. S. Van Eaton, Mississippi; Asa Morgan, Arkansas; Thomas A. Logan, Iowa, and Prof. D. C. Gilman, Johns-Hopkins university, members of the board of visitors to the naval academy at Annapolis.

The will of the late Wm. L. Depauw, of New Albany, Ind., has been probated. It covers 32 pages legal cap. Three million dollars are left to the family, five millions to benevolent and educational institutions, including $1,025,000 to Depauw university at Greencastle, Ind.

All of the employes of the Denver brick yards have gone on a strike, the alleged cause being the discharge of a molder in Boyd's yard, the proprietor saying he had no work for him. The men in the other twelve or fourteen yards in the city followed Boyd's, so that there is not a brick yard in the city operation.

The exchanges of the clearing houses at 38 American cities last week show an increase as compared with last year in every city but Galveston, Portland and Norfolk. The total exchanges were $1,102,235,905; increase 40.2 per cent. Total outside of New York, $363,342,036; increase 30.9 per cent.

The following is the N. Y. Produce Exchange statement of the visible supply of grain, Saturday, May 21: Total in store and afloat—wheat, 34,088,847 bushels; decrease, 1,439,265 bushels. Corn, 13,214,537 bushels; decrease, 551,623 bushels. Oats, 3,727,909 bushels; decrease, 77,721 bushels. Rye, 345,045 bushels; increase, 18,637 bushels. Barley, 221,193 bushels; decrease, 45,876 bushels.

Sir Algernon Borthwick, (Conservative), member of Parliament for South Kensington and proprietor of the London *Morning Post*, in an address to his constituents, said that after the Whitsun recess, the government proposed to force the passage of the Irish crimes act amendment bill within a specified period whether or no all the amendments to the bill were disposed of.

Acting Secretary Thompson has appointed a committee to make an examination of the United States treasury, incident to the transfer of that office to Mr. Hyatt. The examination involves the actual count of $137,000,000,000 paper money in the reserve vault, $95,000,000 in the cash vault, $25,000,000 in gold coin, and a small quantity of fractional silver. The committee, with the assistance of 75 expert counters, have commenced. It will take them two months.

## Publishers' Column.

### TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

**Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.**

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.**
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System, being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.**

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated everywhere in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| 10,000 lots | $30 00 |
| 1,000 lots | 5 00 |
| 500 lots | 4 00 |
| 100 lots | 1 00 |

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If you want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leaflet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

### Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

**No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?**

**No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?**

**No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?**

**No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?**

**No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.**

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

| | |
|---|---|
| Three copies of either | 6 cents. |
| Six copies | 10 cents. |
| Twenty-five copies | 30 cents. |
| One Hundred copies | One dollar. |

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

## The Most Liberal Offer Ever Made.

### A Good Watch for an Hour's Work.

Any person—man, woman, boy or girl—who will raise a club of TEN for the WEEKLY BLADE, at its lowest and only price, One Dollar each, will receive a warranted Waterbury Watch, free, by mail.

To secure this valuable premium, the ten names must be sent in at one time, with the price, $10. No other terms will be regarded.

Any one can raise a club of Ten for the WEEKLY BLADE anywhere, in a very little time. It is easy to get subscribers for the BLADE, for everybody ought to have it, and 200,000 families will have it this winter.

Take hold at once and get your watch We will mail them, in every case, the day we receive the club.

We warrant every watch we send. There is no way in which a reliable time-piece can be so easily obtained.

A warranted watch for Ten yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE.

### IN THE MATTER OF SEWING MACHINES.

Thousands of the readers of the BLADE will buy a sewing machine this season. What one will you buy? There are many good ones and many bad ones, some excellent for certain kinds of work, and good for nothing else, and so on. But all of them are sold at a high price, higher than they should be, and in most cases too high for the purse of the average woman.

The cause of these high prices is easily understood. It results from the method of selling. The manufacturer makes a state agent for his machine, who opens an expensive office in a large city, and he must have an enormous salary or large commissions to live at all. The state agent makes district agents, the district agents make county agents, and so between the manufacturer and the farmer's wife there are three commissions or profits, all of which the farmer's wife pays. This is why the cheapest machine, sold on that plan, cannot be sold for less than $35.

The BLADE does business in quite another way. The BLADE manufactures the best machine on the market. It is a machine built upon an entirely new principle, and well built. There is no trouble about the quality of the machine. Thousands of them are in use, and they give absolute satisfaction. (Read the two statements in advertisement on 5th page.) Now, this splendid machine, better for work and better in finish, than any now sold, the BLADE now sells for $18, and throws in the WEEKLY BLADE for one year. How can it be done? As easily as falling off a log. The BLADE Company employs no agents, but the machine passes directly from its own factory to the house of the purchaser. There are no agents between us and you, who have to be paid; there are no leeches to take the blood out of you. We want a small profit and get it, and you have all the rest.

Now what we want to say is this. If you want a machine that you may depend upon, and want it at a price that you can afford, send $18 to the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio, and you will

# The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR

## HOME TALKS.

### UNSKILLED LABOR.

Walking through the streets of any great center of population in the early morning hour, or when the sunset's glow is in the western sky, and a great moving throng of women and girls tells the story of how many of those whose only place has been, for centuries, supposed to be within home walls, are really taking part in the outside industrial world, and dependent upon their skill in doing that part well, for the bread they eat and the clothes they wear. Could the women of 50 years ago look upon the scene, they would think their sex had entered upon a new dispensation, and probably not a happier one. Watching such a throng as this, and knowing but too well how poorly prepared the larger part is to solve successfully for itself the problem of daily existence where competition is so fierce, I have often felt like "Lilia:"

"Oh I wish
That I were some great Princess, I would build
Far off from men, a college like a man's,
And I would teach them all that men are taught,"

For in this lack of thorough and systematic training lies the trouble. As it is now, they must take the hardest work for the poorest pay, and be only too glad that they are not denied the poor privilege of obtaining enough to hold soul and body together, without a hope of reaching to the comforts, to say nothing of the luxuries, which their more fortunate sisters enjoy. Hundreds and thousands of women all over this fair land are, to-day, reaching out untaught hands for something to do—something to bring a money return that will make life easier, and they are refused because the market for unskilled labor is already full to overflowing.

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," is a lesson that comes with the authority of inspiration, and if used with a right application, and accepted in the right spirit, will make the conditions of life infinitely easier. To be always looking out for the terrible something that is to cloud the days and blot out all their sunshine, to constantly watch for the possible mischance that may bring vexation and sorrow into our pathway, to see the dark side of every happening, to permit ourselves to feel that disappointment is always to be our lot in whatever we may hope for or undertake, is simply to invite what we would escape, besides taking all of the zest out of the striving after the possibilities that lie in the pathway of every human being. In the sense of not passing again and again in imagination through the agonies of what may never enter into our realities, the day in which, perchance, they do arrive, will be sufficient to compress all of suffering into, that it is needful for us to endure in order to make our blessings assume their proper value in our eyes. No more than our bodies can bear the perpetual absence of the glorious sunlight and retain their health and vigor, can our mental and moral natures live in the shadow and yet be strong and pure, and ready to make the most of each year that passes.

There is, however, an application made of this principle by parents which brings a world of sorrow to the children who are so dear to their hearts. The bright, beautiful girls who grow up in their homes like flowers full of fragrance and sweetness, are too often reared with a complete disregard for that evil day that may come to them, when all tender, loving care is withdrawn, and misfortune compels brain and body to strive together to solve unaided the hard problem of existence. Mothers look around them and see girls as fair as their own thrown out upon the world to cope with it unaided, and yet hug to themselves the belief that no such fate can overtake their loved ones, who, their hearts make sure, will only leave the parental roof for a husband's watchful and tender care. Serene skies will ever shine above them in their homes to which they will go, and no possibility of a fortune of hard self-dependence that will challenge the straining of every nerve to keep soul and body together is permitted to enter into the parental reckoning. And yet the truth that such changes do come day by day is so patent that it seems as if "he who runs may read" the wisdom of making some provision for a similar fortune.

"What would you have me to do," asked a woman with three bright young daughters, and a yearly income which reached into the tens of thousands. I had been urging their thorough training in some one direction, to be determined by individual taste and talent. "I would be willing that they should become artists or writers, but they do not care for that sort of thing. Jenny is bewitched to go into the kitchen and learn to cook, and it is all I can do to keep her out of it, while Mary likes to make bonnets better than than to read or study. Kate only cares to have a good time as yet, but you wouldn't have me make cooks and milliners of any of them, would you? I have money enough to render them independent, no matter what happens, and I really cannot see the use of any such training as you think necessary."

I said no more, but thought much. I did not tell her, that I most certainly would have Jenny taught by the very best and most experienced teachers, and all that there is to be learned about every branch of domestic service. She should understand the chemistry of cooking and how to apply its principles to every-day living. She should be trained to buy with discretion all household stores, and to have such a practical knowledge of every department of household labor that when she came to preside over a home of her own, whether it be in a palatial mansion or in a cottage, there should be no part of its ordering of which she was not mistress. There might be no shadow of necessity for her to do more than exercise the supervision that belongs to the duties of every mistress of a home, but she would do this, thus prepared, with a wisdom and intelligence that would add greatly to the comfort and happiness of every member of her family.

Nor did I say that Mary should be given every advantage in the way of becoming an accomplished milliner. Every facility for learning the trade thoroughly should be placed within her reach, and she should be allowed to make a practical application of her knowledge in the constructing of her own and her sister's headgear until her skill was made a certainty. The need of making a money-getting use of her acquirement in this direction might never arise, but at least, she would not, if thrown upon her own resources, be entirely unprepared for a wrestle with the world, in the way of earning a living, where competition is so fierce as to make only skilled labor a certain dependence.

It seems impossible for either men or women to realize the importance of, not only a mental, but a manual training for their girls, as well as for their boys. The old idea that women are to be cared for still obtains allegiance, in spite of the fact that each year brings more and more of them into the labor market to compete, not only for its prizes, but for the necessities of life. Instead of being worked for, they must work for themselves and others, and side by side with men who have been traditionally trained to labor, and are so much the better fitted to cope with the difficulties that must be met with and overcome. The same mother who will strain every nerve to give her boy a trade, a business or professional training, will refuse her daughter the same preparation, and perhaps demand from the latter no inconsiderable self-sacrifice in order to carry out her plans for her son. She knows that unless marriage comes when school days are over, the young girl must earn her own living, and yet no means are placed in her hands, as in the boy's, to do something so well that the demand for her labor will give her independence.

Nor is marriage in any sense a security against necessity of self-support. The numbers of women left by misfortune or death to keep the door closed against the wolf of hunger and want which threatens themselves and little ones, would be difficult to count. The very hardest part of it, and the key to so much of misery, is the fact that there was in youth no training of the faculties, such as would give facility in any direction. Possibly they may have been given a good education, but it aimed at nothing beyond a general intelligence which would not bear the strain of a practical application in any one direction.

"She must do something, but what?" is the question so often asked in regard to some unfortunate women as to be almost stereotyped upon the consciousness of the people in every community, who are not selfishly engrossed in their own comfort and pleasure, and these persons are, in nine cases out of ten, the delicately nurtured daughters and tenderly cared-for wives whose only contact with the world has been had from beneath the sheltering roof of a home. They are no better prepared to earn a subsistence for themselves than a bird with a broken wing is to fly, and yet it must be done. If the story of the struggles of some of these unfortunates could be known, mothers would no more neglect to give their daughters a training which would render each one the mistress of some trade or art, than she would to so clothe their physical bodies as to protect them from harm and suffering.

In the simple fact of self-dependence there is nothing appalling. It is indeed good to be a woman whose days are filled to the brim with work which is so well done that it commands its price. She may be serenely content even though she be alone—even though she misses the crowning glory of a woman's life. It can not, however, be thus with her, if she finds herself continually crowded to the wall by those who enter upon the race more thoroughly equipped, and better ready to dispute with all competitors for a place in the ranks of the successful. She will quickly grow footsore, weary and disheartened, ready to exclaim in bitterness of spirit, "My burdens are greater than I can bear."

In England a society has been formed of young women, some of them belonging to families of wealth and distinction. Each member binds herself upon entering to learn some one thing, whether art, profession or trade, so thoroughly, that if misfortune comes she will be able to maintain herself by its exercise. Setting aside all the advantages that may accrue to individuals, the very formation of such a society throws a rainbow of promise across the sky of the working woman's fortune. It is the beginning of a realization by women themselves, that for any work that demands wages, there must be, not a superficial knowledge which is sure to fail when the test is applied, but a training that will give the mastery of all the faculties, and enable the worker to labor to a definite purpose. Work there is in the world and enough of it—work that is remunerative, but it waits for the skilled brain and deft hand, and only to their possessors does it offer its highest rewards.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

### Fancy Work and Household Decoration.

*A Use for Rose Petals.*—"I would suggest," says a reader of the HOUSEHOLD, "a habit I have had for many years which gives my writing material and clothing a delicate and pleasant perfume. I take full-blown roses, pluck them just before the petals begin to fall, pull them to pieces and sprinkle them with a little salt and strew them over the bottom of my dressing case drawers, laying a paper over them. A little camphor does not interfere with the perfume and keeps the clothes fresh and sweet. I put the petals into my writing desk also and they impart a pleasant odor to the paper. Such perfume is never offensive, while a strong odor is frequently disagreeable and not infrequently produces sick headache.

Ladies who spend some of their summer hours in making fanciful things for the inevitable church fairs which "come on with the winter's cold," may like to know that novelties in the way of pin-cushions are those made of olive satin, with flax-colored lace put over two corners and forming the full curtain all the way round, while the other two corners are decorated by hand-painted flowers. In the center of the cushion is a circular hole for a scent-bottle. A brush-cover to match the pin-cushion is of olive-green satin, trimmed with the flax lace, lined with quilted pink silk and decorated by a painted spray of flowers. One side is left open that the corner may be turned back to show the lining.—*Boston Beacon.*

*Window Ornaments.*—Curtains are much less full than they were a few years ago. The change is probably due to a fancy for colored and figured curtains in which the design would be destroyed if full. The slender brass or wood poles continue to be the most convenient way of hanging drapery. Some are left to hang straight or are tied back with colored ribbons. Just now the newest fancy for this purpose are bright silk handkerchiefs which are susceptible of several graceful arrangements. If curtains are colored they should be in harmony with other household furnishings. The valance of embroidered muslin or soft silk is still very much used. The regulation lace curtain, although being somewhat supplanted by thin India silk, are still much used. Dotted muslin retains its popularity for bedroom curtains. Cheese cloth also makes pretty and cheap window furnishing.

*Simple Curtains.*—A tasteful way to arrange the narrow curtains at each side of a hall door is to make them of muslin or of lace; gather them at the top and bottom; have the muslin full. About midway between the top and the bottom tie a ribbon around the muslin, make a pretty bow and let it come next to the glass. Tie the ribbon so close that the muslin will be drawn in at the center; let the muslin hang loosely and gracefully, not in stiff folds. If there are no other windows in the hall, plenty of light will be admitted by this arrangement. Dotted muslin is preferred to plain.

It is sometimes hard to know just what to put at the windows in a basement dining room; shades make these rooms too dark, and much drapery is as bad; but a satisfactory way is to get two breadths of dotted white muslin for each window; make box pleats at the top; have the muslin hang about three-quarters of a yard; leave them loose at the bottom. These look neat from the street, and passers by can be seen.

### Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t o, thread; tbo, thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

*Twisted Stripe in Mittens.*—Take 6 st for the stripe, slip 3 on an extra needle, knit the 3 that you slipped and so on every 6th round twist. Will send directions for the shell stripe also, if wanted, as they look very nicely together.—JOSIE HOYT.

*A Crochet Skirt.*—288 stitches around the waist. First row: 4 plain—3 double; 2d row: 2 plain—skip 2—then 2 plain and put 3 (plain) in top one; crochet 21 rows like above; then 1 row plain, not skipping any, and 5 in the top one; then 4 plain, skip 2—4 plain and 3 in top one—30 rows; then 1 plain row as before, putting 6 in top one; then 6 plain—skip 2—6 plain and 3 in top—30 rows or any length desired. On last row crochet around on the wrong side; to make the points lie down, crochet a few rows across the top through which to run the ribbon; gather lose around bottom allowing the points to fall over the same; 1½ lb. of German knitting yarn will make a very nice length.—E. A. S.

*A Very Pretty Knitted Mitten.*—Cast on 72 stitches—First row: p 2—k 1—t t o—k 1—t t o—k 1—t t o—p 2—k 1—t t o—k 1—t t o—k 1—t t o—k 1—t t o—k 1—p 2—k 1—t t o—k 1—t t o—k 1—t t o—k 1—t t o—k 1—p 2—k 2—p 2—k 2—p 2—till around the mitten; 2d row: p 2—knit 5 plain—p 2—9 plain—p 2—9 plain—p 2—2 plain till around the mitten—p 2—slip 1—k 1—bind 1—k 5—n 2—p 2—sl 1—b 1—k 5—n 2—p 2—sl 1—b 1—k 5—n 2—p 2—2 plain till around—p 2—sl 1—b 1—k 3—n 2—p 2—p 2—sl 1—b 1—k 3—n 2—p 2—p 2—sl 1—b 1—k 3—n 2—p 2—2 plain till round. Begin with first row till wrist is long enough; k inside mitten plain. Put the twist work in between the shell work, 6 stitches for twist; k across plain 6 or 8 times plain, take off first three on a small needle, skip and k the next three, then twist by knitting the three off the small needle last instead of first; sew a seam stitch between each row of twists. Saxony yarn is best for mittens.—E. A. S.

### Correspondence.

MY OWN THOUGHTS AND EXPERIENCE.—No. 10.—A baby is the most helpless creature in existence. A baby appeals to our sympathies because of its utter helplessness. I copied so much of the article, written by another, because it is a faithful picture of the manner in which many proceed in regard to the matter. Many persons seeing by their remarks to consider a baby a nuisance. We hear them say sometimes, when dressing the little form of the baby that has been pushed out of life, "Well, it couldn't go in a better time. A fine thing it went, seeing it had no mother." I have heard such remarks, and they always shock me. I consider them out of place, and foolish. No one should ever think, "It's nothing but a baby," as so many do; and, when I hear such thoughts spoken out, I consider the speaker wanting in both knowledge and sensibility. A young couple, father and mother, whom I know, had a fashion of shrieking at times in the baby's ear, and when expostulated with in regard to the matter, they said that they did not wish him to be easily frightened. They did not know that they were frightening him into idiocy by such a rough, vulgar course of training, which they were. You do not wish for some giant, with a stentorian voice, to shout in your ear every few moments. You could not endure it. Neither can a baby endure such treatment. If mothers and even grandmothers were well informed, in all cases, in regard to the best methods of caring for babies, I think that fewer little graves would be found in the cemeteries. And it is their duty to inform themselves. Why should they remain in ignorance? I have seen a grandmother toss a baby out of her hands, and nearly to the ceiling and catch it as it fell, as if it were a senseless block of wood, or something of the kind. She was a jolly, foolish woman, but a cruel one; for such demonstrations are worthy of a savage, a heathen, who sets a very slight value upon human life. I supposed that she would be the occasion of the child's death; but it survived through one or two such feats of the madwoman. Babies should have exercise, but it should be given judiciously. They should have fresh, pure air, but should never be exposed to a current. They need medicine sometimes in their ailments; but one should not administer to such every and any kind that can possibly be secured. A woman had a sick baby and called a physician. He left several doses of calomel, and a neighbor woman of good information—one who had nursed the sick much of her life—said "Don't give it to the baby; it will kill it." The mother replied that she would not. But she did not say that she had already given some of it which she had, and in a short time the baby was dead. It is a nice matter to know just what to do and what to leave undone in such cases; but it is always safe to give the baby a chance for its life, which it cannot have if it is constantly dosed with strong medicines, which a man or woman can ill bear. A neighbor woman once called on for assistance; her baby was writhing in a spasm and she thought it was dying. A physician was called and the child was soon relieved. All this and I speak about it for is this: that spasm was the result of neglect on the part of the mother. It was a cold morning, and the woman had been busy here and there, and the child had been crawling about the floor and had not been warm, that is comfortably warm, for hours, and a severe chill had been induced that was very much like death.

It is not every one that knows when and how to administer medicine. I know a woman, a grandmother, who had a sick daughter, a young lady, and almost as soon as she began to complain of illness, her mother administered a large dose of calomel which had laid on hand for some time, —a virulent poison. Her daughter died. It does seem that some who have had many years should have gained more information than she manifested, but knowledge had not come with the years.

Not quite eight years since a baby, not quite a day old, was brought to me as night was coming on, and I was told that I must have the care of him through the night. I begged very earnestly to be excused. There must be some one else to find to take charge of him, I said, for I had slept little for days and nights, and I knew that I must sleep. I said that I should fall asleep and neglect him. I knew that the drop bath, which is said to be infinite torture, would not serve to keep me awake, and once asleep the booming of cannon would scarce arouse me; and I could be utterly deaf to the wail of that little specimen of humanity. I was perfectly willing to do what I could, for the baby was my nephew, and very dear to me; but I was utterly exhausted. My appeals were unavailing. The baby was left with me, and I was expected to care for him. We got through the night comfortably. We both slept most of the time.

When I was a child I often had the care of my baby sister whilst older people were busy; and some of the happiest hours of my happy childhood were passed in rocking and singing to the baby. And I am glad to-day, when I am looking back into the years that fled so long ago, that I can remember no single instance of impatience or unkindness towards the baby. I had little cause to be impatient or unkind, for she was a quiet, good baby; she was a good dispositioned child when she grew older; she was mild-mannered and lovely when a young lady. She passed away from earth in her beautiful young womanhood—a wife and a mother—and when looking at the fair hair, parted back from the pallid brow, upon which was the seal of eternal rest, we said, and truly,

"Death stole our loveliest one."

—MOSS ROSE, Science Hill, Pulaski county, Ky.

THE SPARE ROOM.—"Now, John."

Little Mrs. Beecher was guilty of buttonholeing her husband, just as he was all ready to go to his office. "One moment, dear."

He didn't say "Hurry then." He was too astonished, as she never hindered him, when once the coat was on and the hat in hand. "Bless her for it, she is a woman of sense," he had always said to himself on his unimpeded way. Now here she was doing just like other women. What could it mean?

"You say you are willing I should arrange the house as I think best?"

"Perfectly."

"That's all; good-by. I won't stop you again."

"Good-by, dear."

The little woman stood a moment lost in thought, just where he had left her. Then she started with a laugh, "That's the last time I will ever listen to the tempter. The spare room shall be the back chamber."

Running up stairs, she stopped to kiss Roly Poly, the baby, and gave him a toss, returning him to Adaline's care, who had him in charge, as it was Saturday. Then she hurried off.

For the next two hours, there was no busier woman in all Briarfield than Mrs. Beecher. A neighbor looked in and called her to the head of the stairs, where she leaned over, her pretty brown hair all tied up in a sweeping cap.

"My! you ain't settled yet?" exclaimed the neighbor.

"All to rights except the spare room," called Mrs. Beecher over the railing.

"I always fix that first in my fall cleaning," observed the neighbor. "My! supposing anybody should come and find you all sixes and sevens!"

"I should rather be caught by chance company than to have my family find me napping," laughed little Mrs. Beecher.

This was such a new idea that the neighbor had nothing to say, only, "I'll drop in again when you ain't so driven," and Mrs. Beecher was free to hurry back to her "setting up" once more.

It wasn't very attractive certainly, this little back-room with its one window. And all the pretty furnishings in the world could not make it a fine place. But Mrs. Beecher, bustling around, setting the bureau in one corner, putting a gay rug here and a bright sofa pillow there, sang at her work, out of a satisfied heart.

When it was all done, and the supply of clean bed-linen and towels put in the drawer ready to be arranged on the arrival of the chance company, the little woman gave a sigh.

"I hope John will like the change. I'm only sorry I kept Adaline in here so long."

But very few regrets not being in Mrs. Beecher's line, she hurried off to the large sunny room just around the hall.

Adaline was already there with the baby, wild to see her own things in the new room.

"I'm going to be perfectly happy, don't you know?" she replied in a burst of confidence to Roly Poly. "And I'm going to be awfully good too."

"Um," said Roly-Poly. Mrs. Beecher paused by the open door.

"It's the most beautiful place," ran on Adaline; "see, Roly, the sun shines always here, and I never saw a bit in the other room—never the leastest bit," she added emphatically.

The little mother's heart had a pang just then, and like a flash the pale cheeks that greeted her at the breakfast table every had morning came back to her now.

"Don't you ever tell, Roly," cried Adaline, in a stage whisper, "but I used to cry in there and wish my papa could afford to buy a nice house, where the sun danced all around. Now promise; don't you ever tell, say 'no' real loud."

"No," shouted the baby.

The tears came now into the eyes of the little woman hearing the unpleasant truths out there in the hall. But there was more to tell.

"I'm a big girl," Adaline was saying, "I'm company now, and I'm going to behave nice. I wonder why people don't always do so, and give the children who live at the house all the year round, a good place. Don't you?"

"Ar—goo," said Roly Poly.

"I wonder so, too, said Mrs. Beecher, with all her heart, as she stole away.

"You're a wise woman," said John, when he came home to dinner, peering into the spare room." I always wondered why you didn't take this room for the spare chamber instead of giving up that splendid, sunny one to people who only dropped in once in a dog's age."

"O, John! why didn't you say so?" cried Mrs. Beecher. "There I've been worrying, afraid you wouldn't like to be different from other people who always have one handsome room."

"I'd rather be hospitable to my own family first," said John, "and give them genuine instead of doctor's stuffs. It's the best thing you've done in one spell, Martha. Come, there's the dinner bell."—*The Womans Magazine.*

### Inquiries

Will some kind reader of the BLADE please tell me the cause of a brown streak above the upper lip? It has been there for some time. Please tell me what will remove it?—LOTTIE.

Will some of the sisters please tell me how to can or put up some other way string beans and green peas for spring use? I will have a good many and would like to know how to save some of them.—MRS. HATTIE GILDERSLEN.

I wish to know how to prepare the whites of eggs and sugar for top of lemon pie, so that it will not settle down into a tough, leathery substance after the pie has stood a few hours. I have seen this frosting on pies, white and light as foam, but mine is always like first described.—MORNING STAR.

I would like very much to know if any of the members of the HOUSEHOLD have ever received the pink seed offered by M. L. Coder? I sent stamp and address as soon as her offer was made, but have never heard anything more from here. I see that several have had a similar experience, so if there is one that has received the pink seed let us hear from her.—MRS. J. W. LOOMIS.

Will some of the readers of the BLADE tell me where I can get a loom, such as for weaving carpets? Also, where I can get a spinning wheel?—M. ZWERMANN.

Will some kind member of the HOUSEHOLD please send instructions for preparing French mustard?—A YOUNG BACHELOR.

I have written down some excellent recipes and have others if desired. Will some reader please explain how to bind off stitches? Also how to make a good fruit cake? I would like an answer as soon as possible.—A READER.

I am 13 years old, and I have tried your doll-house bread. I have made it several times. I always baked small biscuits until yesterday I baked large ones for dinner. My two older sisters said they were very good. Will you please publish directions for doll-house pies and cake?—HELEN MICHAELSEN.

Will some kind reader of the BLADE give instructions how to make a cheap and durable paper holder for a family sitting-room?—J. A. M.

Will some kind reader tell me how to make paste that will keep as long as required?—MANSON W. ROZELL.

Please tell how I can get rid or kill roaches and beetles?—C. H. B.

Will some kind reader of the HOUSEHOLD please send directions for knitting a lady's fancy watch pocket?—MRS. JOHN PELHAM.

If any one seeing this would like to help a struggling Sunday school, they could do a great deal of good by sending Sunday school or church papers that they have read to Hope Schenk, Glen May, Tenn.

### Answers to Inquiries.

Mrs. J. W. Eastman: Write to editor *Oregonian*, Portland, Ore.; editor *Statesman*, Walla Walla, Washington Ter., and editor *Free Press*, Orangeville, Idaho, for sample copies and they will receive them.

Mrs. Garwood: I do not find your name on my list of letters received; perhaps your letter got lost, or was one of those I received containing no name or address; I also received a good many that had got wet en route and the stamp contained was stuck tight. I suppose my small shoulders must bear all the blame for not answering such, but, friends, common sense should teach you never to omit plain name and full address, and never in the least to moisten a stamp when enclosing it in a letter, but instead, rub it carefully once or twice over your hair, the natural oil of the hair prevents sticking.

To the many who are returning thanks for seeds sent, I will just say: I am sure, dear friends, you are all entirely welcome. Your kind words fully repay me for my trouble, to say nothing of other tokens of appreciation sent.—M. L. CODER, Glenwood, Idaho.

North West: I do not trim my babies eye-lashes "in the moon," but when they are asleep in the cradle, about twice during their first year.

E. C: Try Mexican vine, or as sometimes called Kentucky Hunter, for your windows. I am sure you will prefer it to cinnamon vine, as there is so much more foliage, and the large heart-shaped leaves and bell-shaped flowers are simply perfection. Vine very hardy and will run 40 feet in a season if given enough string.

"Northwest," if you will begin when your child is a baby and cut the ends only off their lashes on new moon about every other moon till the child is a couple of years old the lashes will be beautiful. I did one so, and one or two I commenced when two or three years old and cut several times, and it improved them very much, but not as noticeably as when a babe.—PACIFIC SLOPE.

Please tell Minnie L to address Prof. Haynes, of Hillsdale college. Girls have worked their way there, and they have a benevolent fund in the school.—M. W.

Tell "a subscriber" to warm a few drops of sweet oil and pour in the ear for earache. If "Young Housekeeper" will hold her velvet or plush in front of a hot fire to set the stamped, I think she will be pleased.—MRS. RITTER.

I noticed in the HOUSEHOLD of the BLADE not long ago an inquiry for something to remove mildew. Lemon juice and salt will remove mildew, and iron rust from white goods.—AUNT FANNY.

### Recipes.

To remove stains from cups or other articles of tableware or marbleized oil cloths, rub them with saleratus, either with the finger or a piece of linen.

*Cheese Omelet.*—Beat up 3 eggs and add to them a tablespoonful of milk and a tablespoonful of grated cheese; add a little more cheese before folding; turn it out on a hot dish; grate a little cheese over it before serving.—*The Cook.*

*Country Captain.*—Cut up a chicken into small pieces, melt some butter in a saucepan, and put into it an onion shred very fine; fry until quite crisp; sprinkle the fowl with curry powder; add some salt, and fry until thoroughly cooked, turning the pieces frequently. Serve very hot, with the fried onions on the top.

*Jellied Veal.*—Wash a knuckle of veal and cut into three pieces. Boil slowly, until the meat slips from the bones; take out of the liquor; remove the bones and chop the meat fine; season with salt, pepper, two shalots chopped as fine as possible, mace and thyme; return to the liquor and boil until it is almost dry and can be stirred with difficulty; turn into a mold until next day; set on the table cold, garnish with parsley, and cut in slices; the juice of a lemon stirred in just before it is taken from the fire, is an improvement.

*Beef Loaf.*—Chop two pounds of beef and three large slices of salt pork fine; add four well-beaten eggs, half a cup of butter, the inside of a medium-sized loaf of bread, and season with salt, pepper and spices if you like. Form into a loaf; cover with cracker crumbs, and bake an hour and a half. If it does not stay in good shape, add rolled cracker crumbs until it will.

*Baked Fish.*—Make a dressing of bread crumbs and a little pork chopped fine, and season with pepper, salt, and a little butter. Fill your fish with the mixture, sew it up, dredge on a little flour, and after laying it in a dripping pan, cover it with very thin slices of salt pork. A four pound fish will take from 30 to 40 minutes to bake.

*Salmon with Tomato Sauce.*—Take two slices of salmon, ¼ lb. of butter, ½ teaspoonful chopped parsley, salt, pepper and grated nutmeg to taste. Lay the salmon in a baking dish, place pieces of butter over it, add the other ingredients, rubbing a little of the seasoning into the fish. Baste it frequently. Bake about three-quarters of an hour. When done take it out and drain for a minute or two. Lay in a dish, pour tomato sauce over it and serve.

# Our Young Folks.

## BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| TONICA, ILL. | Susie White | Wm L Nelson |
| May Cook | HYATTSVILLE, O. | Geo M Nelson |
| Mary Parker | Mary Steltz | BROKEN BOW, NEB. |
| Jennie Hall | Delfie Arehart | Robert Wright |
| John Salisbury | Lizzie Arehart | Eddie Horsfman |
| Lily Knifen | Bessie Patten | Clinton Hewitt |
| Sarah Palmer | Myrtle Harden | Howard Pickren |
| Myrtl Miller | A Boardman | Charlie Chappell |
| Pearl Eferberg | Mary Harden | Eddie Wilkinson |
| Mabel Ford | Josie Patten | STAUNTON, MINN. |
| Alice Sumner | Olive Webster | Albert Ackerman |
| Marion Sumner | Milo Patten | Edith Haserick |
| Leona Baldwin | SOUTH HAVEN, (NO)Ora Dack | |
| Bertha Bloor | STAYNER, | Millie Dack |
| Etta Baldwin | Sarah E Nelson | ELLSWOOD, IDAHO |
| Cora Barnes | Lizzie E Rhoades | Cora A Coder |
| Eva Bloor | Annie C Reese | Elmer E Coder |
| Fritz Beck | Inez E Morrill | Hattie R Coder |
| Charley Curtis | Edna I Travis | LawrenceLCoder |
| Mary Baumgarner | Hazel E Gaunt | LEAVENO, IA. |
| Lissie Radle | Florence V Smith | Etta Hoope |

Names this week, 55. Total, 19,566.

The above embraces all names received up to May 19.

### A VERY GOOD REASON.

Whatever the boy might be about,
At work or idle, indoors or out,
Summer and autumn, winter and spring,
Whenever he had a chance to sing,
He'd raise the tune that he loved the best,
And as if it were "by special request,"
Would keep it up in the air so long
That all were sick of the old, old song.

It wasn't much of a tune, 'tis true,
And where he'd heard it nobody knew,
And you'd never have thought for a single minute
It came from a nightingale or a linnet;
But Bob sang on as well as he could,
And it seemed to do the poor fellow good,
And and a pleased expression the singer wore
When the crows in the cornfield cried "Encore!"

One day, as Bob was strolling along,
Cheerfully singing his favrite song,
He met a maid with eyes of blue,
Who paused with a pretty "How d'ye do?"
Then said, with a sweet and roguish smile,
"What makes you sing one tune all the while?"
Said Bob, in a voice that was strangely low,
"Because it's the on-ly one I know."
—*Josephine Pollard in Harper's Young People.*

### A BED-TIME SONG.

Sway to and fray in the twilight gray,
This is the ferry for Shadowtown;
It always sails at the end of day,
Just as the darkness is closing down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder, so:
A sleepy kiss is the only fare;
Drifting away from the world we go,
Baby and I in the rocking-chair.

See, where the fire-logs glow and spark,
Glitter the lights of the Shadowland;
The winter rain on the window—hark!
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There, where the mirror is glancing dim,
A lake lies shimmering, cool and still;
Blossoms are waving above its brim—
Those over there on the window-sill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light;
Silently lower the anchor down.
Dear little passenger, say "Good night,"
We've reached the harbor of Shadowtown.
—*St. Nicholas.*

### THE PLANTS THAT GREW IN JOHNNIE'S GARDEN.

Such a brown, hopeless-looking patch of ground as it was that bright May morning!

"I don't believe I can ever make anything grow here!" sighed Johnnie, leaning disconsolately on his spade.

"Oh, yes you can," answered his mother, encouragingly. "Just see the handsome pictures on these papers of seed. And I will give you some slips of heliotrope and geranium, and some pansy-roots from my bed. Won't it be beautiful when they are all in blossom? And you are so fond of flowers, Johnnie." She did not add, wise mother that she was, "And the doctor says that it will be so good for you." Mrs. Dean remembered that boys were not fond of medicine in any form.

Johnnie went to work with renewed energy. He spaded the little patch of ground over thoroughly, raked it with his tiny rake till not a hard lump was left, and then began to build around it a wall of the smooth, white stones left in a huge pile by the well-diggers, in the corner near by. Back and forth he traveled with his little wheel-barrow till the shapely mound was nearly surrounded. It was hard work; the sun shone brightly on the steaming face, and their were tiny blisters on the hands, white bands, when mamma, seeing that the work was beginning to lag, came to the rescue.

"Better wait awhile, till you get rested, Johnnie," she called from the porch. "Please come and help me slip these geraniums."

She held in her hands a soup-plate, covered to the depth of perhaps two inches of moist sand. "If you are going to turn gardener, my boy, you must learn all the secrets of your trade," she laughed. "The geraniums in the farther window are those I intend for you, but I wish to save some slips to bloom in the early winter months. If a stem breaks easily between your fingers—so, it is nice to slip from, but if not brittle, the chances are that it will not root."

Then Mrs. Dean took from the window two large bottles with wide mouths, which were filled with different kinds of coleus. The variegated leaves made a handsome bouquet above, while through the water below gleamed masses of white, fleshy roots. "I put one in the water three weeks ago," she said, "and you can see how finely they have rooted. Several of the handsomest are for you, and will be a great addition to your bed."

Mrs. Dean had accomplished her object; Johnnie was thoroughly interested, and anxious to return to his work at once. She persuaded him to wait till it should be cooler in the afternoon, and meanwhile showed him the proper way of arranging the geranium slips in the plate of sand, which was then placed in a sunny south window. "Now," she said, "you can arrange the plate precisely similar and I will show you how to root begonias and heliotrope."

When he brought the plate, his mother handed him some choice cuttings of her favorite plants, which she arranged in clusters, so that a common tumbler inverted over them would cover several slips. This plate was placed beside the other. "And you have only to keep the sand moist," said Mrs. Dean, "and I can promise you that nearly every slip will root. Now we will examine our seeds."

The papers were spread out on the table, and Mrs. Dean looked them over carefully.

"We will try only those kinds with which you are sure of success," she said. "We do not wish to make many experiments. Here are sweet-peas, nasturtium, mignonette and phlox Drummondi. I think these will be sufficient, with what plants I have for you."

After a long rest, Johnnie returned to his work, and soon had the wall completed. His mother then gave him an old hoe-handle and some pieces of board, and showed him how to nail the strips across one end, so as to make a support for vines. This was then set firmly in the center of the bed, and small stakes driven at regular intervals in the circle at its foot. Stout twine was then fastened securely to the stakes and again at the top of the support; and Mrs. Dean declared the day's work ended.

The next morning came the important ceremony of sowing the seed. In the spaces between the stakes were planted sweet-peas and nasturtiums; around these a row of coleus was set at regular intervals; then followed the geraniums, thrifty plants which had bloomed through the winter, and were now cut back to stimulate new growth. Each was protected from the sunshine by an inverted flower-pot placed above it. The heliotrope came next; then mignonette and phlox Drummondi, sown in alternate patches; lastly, the pansies, forming the border.

Over the stone wall Mrs. Dean draped the white and purple tradescantia from her hanging-baskets, the pretty, thick-leaved trailing plant which grows with so little care; and then, when Johnnie had sprinkled the bed thoroughly with warm, soft water, she told him his work was done for the present.

It was weary waiting; day after day he would run out to his garden to see if the seeds had sprouted, but not the tiniest bit of green greeted his sight. The leaves on the geraniums and coleus, accustomed to the warm air of the sitting-room, looked brown and dingy, and were torn and tattered in the rough wind; the heliotrope turned black and dropped their leaves, and even the pansies looked wilted and forlorn. Johnnie went to his mother in despair. "I wish I hadn't tried to make a flower-bed at all," he said ruefully. "Nothing will grow in it."

"Patience my boy," said his mother, with a smile, "you must learn to wait as well as work. Don't go near the garden for a few days, and in the meantime here is a book about South American flowers, which I think you will enjoy reading." The book was large and full of pictures, and Johnnie became so absorbed in the stories of the wonderful Southern blossoms, delicate as butterflies, brilliant as tropical birds, that he forgot his trouble.

A few days later, going out to the garden one bright morning, he saw lines of vivid green just breaking through the soil, and ran overjoyed to his mother, to tell her the news. She pointed out to him also the young and vigorous leaves on the house-plants, and assured him that another week would work wonders in his bed.

It was not long before another trouble arose; there were seeds in the ground that did not require the care bestowed upon the others to induce them to grow, and, once started, they speedily outran the nobler plants in the race skyward. The little florist soon found that no half-way measures would answer with these intruders; they must be exterminated, root and branch, nor could the warfare cease for a single day.

"It is like learning the multiplication table," complained Johnnie. "It's over and over, and over." But the same spirit which had made him first in his class determined him not to be conquered by persistent weeds, even though their name might be legion. So the work went on, and soon the pretty mound was a mass of fragrant bloom, and Johnnie, grown strong and active and brown, delight his generous heart by sending beautiful bouquets from his garden to his friends.

That year at the county fair he received a prize of two dollars for the second best collection of flowers. He went to his mother with the money in high glee.

"I am very glad," she said, "but the best plants that grew in your garden were not represented in your collection."

He looked up in astonishment. "What can you mean mother," he asked; "I never shipped a single one."

She touched his ruddy cheek with a kiss. "I mean, Johnnie, that the lovely flowers gave the patience taught by long and tiresome waiting, the perserving industry which enabled you to overcome all your difficulties. These are the plants which will bloom for you, if you are faithful in their culture, in greater beauty with every succeeding year."—*Good Cheer.*

### INVENTIONS COPIED FROM NATURE.

Most of the skilful advices invented by men for doing fine work rapidly can be traced to nature, where for countless centuries they have been operating. The discoverer of each new appliance or mechanism might be shown that his idea was as old as the hills. It is claimed that the inventors of the future will be those who carefully study the natural world.

The buhr-stones of mills are another style of the molar teeth which grind all the grist that feeds men and beasts. The hoofs of horses are made of parallel plates like carriage springs. The finest file of human manufacture is a rough affair compared with the Dutch rush used by cartridge-makers. The jaws of the turtle and tortoise are natural scissors. The squirrel carries chisels in his mouth, and the hippopotamus is provided with adzes, which are constantly sharpened as they are worn. The carpenter's plane is found in the jaws of a bee. The woodpecker has a powerful little trip-hammer.

The diving-bell imitates the work of the water-spider, which constructs a small cell under the water, clasps a bubble of air between its hind-legs, and dives down to its

# The Farm.

### Information Wanted.

COLIC.—I have a valuable mare that is subject to colic. The attacks are generally light, but sometimes quite severe. These spells come on without any apparent cause. Please tell me what is best to do at the time; also what is best to do as a preventive. Would you "stick" or "stab" in case of severe bloating? If so, just where and how is it to be done.—SUBSCRIBER, Blackburn, Colorado. [Several thing are good to administer when you see the first symptoms of colic. This is excellent and you should have it near at hand. Give a tablespoonful of chloroform in a gill of whisky. These are also good: A stiff glass of brandy or whisky toddy, hot ale or ginger, or hot water and ginger. We think the first named is the best. But whatever you may give, follow it quickly with an injection of warm soapsuds. If you have no syringe, put it in a long necked bottle, and turn it into the rectum, or it may be turned in through a funnel. Secure a dis charge, and your horse will come out all right. As a preventive the system should be got in good condition. First, give this cathartic: Powdered barbadoes aloes, 2 ozs.; resin, 3 drs.; nitre, 3 drs.; ginger, 2 drs.; castile soap, 2 drs. Beat up into a mass for one bolus. After that has operated, give this for about four days: Bicarbonate of soda and powdered gentian, of each, ½ oz.; powdered nux vomica 10 grs. For one dose, twice daily. Examine her teeth and see that they are all right. No, you should neither "stick" nor "stab" when a horse has colic, unless you expect him to die.—ED.]

SUBSCRIBER, Oskaloosa, Kansas: — You describe a case of button farcy, which is a contagious disease. It results from blood poison. The same poison produces both glanders and farcy. It is not only a dangerous disease, as it is likely to communicate itself to other horses, but a cure is uncertain. A horse with acute farcy should at once be killed. To cure the milder form, touch the swellings with lunar caustic, and wash the sores with a ten per cent. solution of carbolic acid. Give this: Arsenic, five grains; extract of nux vomica, one drachm. For a drench in a pint of water twice daily. The horse must be fed on the most wholesome food.—ED.

RING-BONE—G. E. A., Mitchell, Dakota. [For ring-bone, deep firing or blistering is the best treatment. Take of mercurial ointment, 4 ounces; powdered cantharides, half an ounce; rosemary, 2 drachms. Mix thoroughly and apply. Firing is considered by many veterinarians the best thing that can be done, although it blemishes.—ED.]

NORMAN-PERCHERON HORSES.—Please let me know the difference, if any, between the breeds of Norman and Percheron horses.—C. E., Blossom, Mo. [The only difference is in the locality in France from whence they come. The Perche is a province in France noted for its fine horses known as Percherons. The Norman horse is from Normandy. Many young colts are brought to Perche from Normandy, as well as other parts of France, but the majority of Percherons, we believe, are bred in Perche. The Norman horse is of the same blood as the Perche, so that you will see it is "six of one and half a dozen of the other," so to speak. They are all fine draft horses.—ED.]

SUBSCRIBER, Camden, Me.—If the end of a cow's teat be wounded wash the injured part carefully with tepid soapsuds water. Then bring the abraded parts together with sticking plaster. To keep the milk duct open, a milking tube may be inserted at each milking. This will gradually open the duct so that the teat will heal and leave the duct in about its natural form. These milking tubes may be had at any first-class hardware establishment.—ED.

A READER OF THE BLADE, Macy, Ind.—The leg of your colt that was wounded by a nail should be examined by a veterinary. The bone may be injured, or the rust of the nail may be in the wound, which would necessitate the opening up of the injury before it will heal. If you have no veterinary near by, apply hot water fomentations to the leg until you get all the fever out, then apply linseed meal poultices, in which there are to each about 20 drops of laudanum. After that you may apply this mild cantharides blister. A good blister is: Powdered cantharides, two and a half ounces; rosin and lard, of each eight ounces; oil of organum, half an ounce. Melt the rosin and lard, and when nearly cold stir in the lard. It would not require more than one-half the above formula to do the work of blistering on your horse. The hair should be cut off with scissors around the injured part, applying only on that which is swelled. Below the part blistered smear well with lard to prevent the water that runs out from blistering the leg. Rub the blistering matter on the wrong way of the hair. After 24 hours' blistering, foment the part with warm water, and dress with lard, unsalted.—ED.]

J. J. M., Iowa.—The Belgian draft horse is a strong, large, hardy animal, but has not as yet been exported to this country in and considerable numbers. They are in many respects like the Percheron. The Belgian horse is of very ancient race. They are raised principally by small farmers and peasants. About 25,000 horses of all kinds are imported from Belgium each year. While they have not gained much recognition or prominence in this country, they are likely to become great favorites with many people, and as a Belgium horse importers' association has been formed, they no doubt will be brought here in greater numbers than heretofore. By the way, there is no difference in the blood of the Norman and Percheron horse.—ED.]

KIDNEY WORMS.—I have a sow that has been down with the kidney worm for about eight weeks. Please, if you know of a remedy, make it known through your valuable columns, and oblige a subscriber.—FRED L. JAHN. [The enstrongylus gigas, or kidney worm, is not found in the substance of the kidney, but in the pelvis, or hollow, curved portion in which the secretion of urine takes place. It causes paralysis of the hinder limbs, or awkwardness in the gait. The cure is said to be to pour a tablespoonful of turpentine across the loins or small of the back daily for several days. Also take two parts salt, two parts charcoal and one part sulphur. Mix well and put a full teaspoonful twice a day for a week in the feed.—ED.]

LEAKING HER MILK—BUTTER MAKING.—Will you please tell me what to do for my cow. She is a fine Holstein, but she leaks her milk badly. What can I do to prevent it, or is there anything I could have made to put on the teats to stop the leaking? She is five years old but we have only had her one month. Could you please tell me what is the matter with my cream, I made twelve pounds of splendid butter. I again saved the cream just the same, and churned five hours, and could not start one drop of buttermilk. The cream looks like soft butter, but I cannot get the milk to leave it. I put in salt, but that does no good. If you will please answer these questions as soon as you can I will be very much obliged to you, as I do not know much about butter making.—MRS. S. A. SMITH, Ludington. [Your first question was answered in reply to an inquiry a week or two ago. No two cows have the same structure of udder. Some will leak milk more readily than others, and we would not advise the checking of the leak by stopping the milk duct, as you might bring on a case of mammitis or garget. Some cows will leak their milk when they feed entirely on grass or feed in which the larger part is water. As to the making of butter, it would take a full column of the FARM department to explain the many things that enter into it. In the first place, milch cows must have plenty of salt, especially when fed on dry food. They must not be driven rapidly from the pasture. The milk must not stand too long before skimming. When milk is set aside for cream, the temperature should be even, say 60 degrees Fahrenheit. All milk skimmed should be at the same temperature. Cream that is placed in the churn too cold or too hot, will not churn readily, and if the cream is too sour it will be hard to churn. When cream is taken from milk at different times, at every addition to the cream in the pot the whole mass should be stirred together. The cream is ready for the churn when it has reached a slightly acid condition. Butter should come in half and not over three-quarters of an hour. The churning should not be too rapid or a part of the cream will turn to butter while the other part will be unchanged, so that when all the butter comes, part of its texture is destroyed, and you have a mushy mass. The churn, after each crock must be kept scrupulously clean. Once a churn becomes tainted it will thereafter be almost impossible to make good butter. A cow should never be excited or overheated if you expect good butter, and the water she drinks should be pure. Stagnant water, if drank by a cow, will affect the milk. If cream is allowed to fall below 50° Fah. the labor of churning will be increased.—ED.]

MRS. R., Sandwall, Ill.—Your horse is suffering from a disease called thrush. The animal must be placed in a clean stall, with dry floor, well littered. The seat of the disease should be thoroughly cleaned, and all unhealthy growth removed. Then apply this: Calomel, ½ oz.; sweet oil, 2 ozs. Mix this and spread it on on a piece of lint or oakum, and insert in the cleft of the frog, and over any other diseased parts. The whole should be covered with a layer of wood tar, or a leather shoe may be used for a while until the disease is eradicated. The horse should be taken in hand at once, and kept out of wet stalls or from walking on wet ground.—ED.]

HOVEN.—What causes cattle to swell after eating clover, and what is the best remedy? —A. B., Hord, Me. [Cattle eat excessive quantities of clover, which at times causes an unnatural distention of the first stomach, by the gases given off in the process of fermentation. In severe cases, when the swelling is from gases, the rumen should be pierced with a trochar or a sharp knife. This operation is performed on the most prominent part of the swelling. When the symptoms are not so severe, red pepper tea will relieve the animal. Then the following should be given: Opsom salts, one-half a pound; croton oil, 20 drops; linseed oil, one pint.—ED.]

B. F. U., Madison county, N. Y.—[There are several causes that lead to the sickness and death of young pigs. It often results from the food eaten by the sow. The sow should be fed regularly, the diet should not be changed suddenly, the food should all be without taint of any kind, and the water pure and fresh. She should not be confined in close quarters where there is a lack of fresh air. While the pigs are sucking the food of the sow should be but little changed. A tablespoonful of charcoal in the feed once a day is good. Throw a shovelful of bituminous coal where she can get at it. Let her eat what she will of it. To prevent the rheumatism with which your pigs as well as others were affected, give the mother an ounce of epsom salts in her food every other day for three days. The pigs must be kept in a warm place, well littered and free from dampness. When they become stiff in their hind parts, rub half a teaspoonful of turpentine well in on the small of the back, repeat every third day for three times. In-and-in breeding is also a fruitful source of disease in sucking pigs. They are often weak, and die. In your neighborhood, if the hogs are of the same kind and the sow served by boars of the same litters, you may trace much of the trouble to this. The fact is, that a new strain of blood must be introduced, either from animals bred distinct, either on their own farm, or what is better, from the same breed kept in another section of country. Much injury is frequently done by endeavoring to give young pigs medicine. Your only way is to purify the system of the sows.—ED.]

INFORMATION.—To those who ask information in the Farm department we wish to say that no pains will be spared to answer all questions in a way that will benefit subscribers. Letters are received saying: "I saw the BLADE in the house of a friend, and seeing that you answered questions, I wish to ask, etc." The man who does not take the a paper does not deserve to have his questions answered, and especially he who expects his neighbor to pay out money for his benefit. Such people are annoying to subscribers as they walk in and expect to read the paper before the subscriber reads it. Considering the low price at which the BLADE is sent, there can be no excuse for any one imposing upon those who take it. The editor of this department wishes to see farmer subscribers, their wives, sons or daughters, take a lively interest in it by asking questions and writing communications on farm subjects. Many can give valuable information who would greatly benefit others, but as they have no practice for the pen they do not like to make the attempt. But they can write well enough if they only try. It is not necessary, although desirable, to have every punctuation point in its place, or have strict grammatical construction. Send anything that will benefit your fellow farmers. The editor will see that your manuscript appears all right. But we cannot spare time, while serving the BLADE FARM readers, to pay attention to one subscriber, and neglect to promote the interests of the BLADE. It would be unfair to subscribers to place non-subscribers on the same footing in the BLADE FARM as subscribers. When any one wishes to join the BLADE FARM family, the way to do is to pay the initiation fee, which is a subscription to the BLADE, and he will be entitled to all privileges.—ED.]

### Answers to Inquiries.

SUGAR FROM THE BOX ELDER.—Last fall I saw a piece in the BLADE FARM, written by A. Ackerman, of Sterling Center, Minn., about making sugar from the box-elder tree, and I thought I would try it. I did so, and have succeeded well. Made No. 1 sugar and syrup, which tastes a little different from maple, but is full as sweet and good. The sugar was very light colored—much lighter than the the maple sugar sold by our groceryman. Please tell the BLADE readers.—A. W. SINCLAIR, Hastings, Neb.

### The Codlin Moth.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—I notice in your issue of April 28, an article on the codlin moth, by Henry Hellems, who, I think, should study a little into the habits of the codlin moth. The codlin moth has wings, and flies into the tree instead of crawling up the tree, so that his tin circle would do no good whatever.

I presume Mr. Hellems has confounded the codlin moth with the curculio, the female of which has no wings, but crawls up the tree to deposit her eggs. I have tried various ways for destroying the codlin moth. One is to wrap woolen rags or building paper around the trunks of trees for the worms to crawl into, and taking them off once in ten days or two weeks, to destroy the worms, and then replace the rags. Another is to take a common pie tin pan, fill it nearly full of water, pour on a little kerosene oil, set it about two or three feet high under trees scattered around through the orchard, then fill a common miner's lamp, light it, and set it in the middle of the pan. The moth will fly for the light and drop into the pan, and the moment they touch the kerosene they are gone. This must be done about the time the apples are forming, on dark, still nights, and continued through the season whenever the nights are dark and still.

Another quite effectual way is to take three laths about one foot long; tack on bits of leather or building paper about one-eighth of an inch thick across each end on one side. One of them should have it on both sides. Then take two thin boards four inches wide, same length, and place the laths between them, and bend wires so as to slip them over the ends tight, to hold them together, and throw them down under the fullest trees. The worms will leave the apples and go into the spaces between the laths, and these changes to the chrysalis form from, which in about two weeks it issues a perfect moth, ready to lay the second crop of eggs. These two last remedies only destroy the second crop. The lights are the only remedy I know of to destroy the first crop, except to syringe the trees with poison.—B. MILLARD.

P. S. The trap of laths must be taken apart once in ten days and the worms destroyed, or they will do more harm than good, for they furnish just such facilities as they want for hatching.—B. M.

### The Cut-Worms.

We are so generally asked about "the cut-worm" that it is evidently the popular idea that there is but one insect deserving this name, while, in fact, there are half a dozen or more all larvæ of different species of moths. Practically, they might be regarded as one, did not some of them ascend trees, shrubs and other plants in their destructive work, while most of them confine their operations to the surface, and work their mischief by cutting off young and tender plants even with the ground. The work is done at night, and as daylight approaches they hide themselves in holes in the ground. Cabbage, when first set out, and lettuce and other plants of the garden up to squashes and other plants of the farm are attacked by them. Growing musk melons and watermelons for northern markets is now an important industry in the southern states, especially within easy reach of the shipping ports, some hundreds of acres being occupied by watermelons alone. The grower of melons, as well as of cabbages, etc., finds that his greatest obstacle to success is in the attack of cut-worms. Various devices have been proposed to ward off their attacks, but among these none appears to be so sensible or so effective as that devised by Dr. A. Oemler, author of "Truck Farming for the South." Dr. Oemler kills off the cut-worms before the plants appear. Upon his watermelon fields he sets poison traps at about fifteen feet apart each way. These "traps" are cabbage or turnip leaves, which have been moistened on the concave side, and then dusted with a mixture of paris green with twenty parts of flour. These leaves are placed over the field, poisoned side down, at the distances above stated, before the plants appear. What follows? The doctor facetiously says: "Two such applications, particularly in cloudy weather, at intervals of three or four days, will suffice to allow the cut-worms to make away with themselves, which they generally do with perfect success."—*Agriculturist.*

### Mysterious Irish Movements.

NEW YORK, May 19.—A commotion was caused among the members of the Clan-na-Gael of this city and Brooklyn by a report that a leading officer had gone away with $40,000 of the funds. It is stated that he is a native of Kentucky and recently went to Brooklyn from Louisville. The statement is also made that he is not a defaulter, but has gone on a secret mission to England with funds collected for that purpose. The executive board tried to keep the matter quiet. The missing man belonged to the faction which controlled the recent convention in Pittsburg.

## TALMAGE ON CITY NIGHT HAWKS.

**Life in the Great Cities Between Midnight and 3 a. m.—The Time When Criminals Hold High Carnival and Honest People Are Asleep.**

BROOKLYN, May 15.—At the Tabernacle this morning there were the same great throngs of people as usual, overflowing the main audience-room into the corridors, and from the corridors into the street. This, the largest church in America, is more and more inadequate to hold the people as the years go by. All parts of the earth are represented at every service. The pastor, the Rev. T. LeWitt Talmage, D. D., took for his text this morning: "Watchman, what of the night?" Isaiah xxi. 2. He said:

When night came down on Babylon, Nineveh and Jerusalem they needed careful watching, otherwise the incendiary's torch might have been thrust into the very heart of the metropolitan splendor; or enemies, marching from the hills, might have forced the gates. All night long on top of the wall and in front of the gates might be heard the measured step of the watchman on his solitary beat; silence hung in air, save as some passer-by raised the question, "Watchman, what of the night?"

It is to me a deeply suggestive and solemn thing to see a man standing guard by night. It thrilled me through, as at the gate of an arsenal in Charleston, the question once smote me: "Who comes there?" followed by the sharp command: "Advance and give the countersign." Every moral teacher stands on picket, or patrols the wall as watchman. His work is to sound the alarm; and whether it be in the first watch, in the second watch, in the third watch, or in the fourth watch, to be vigilant until daybreak flings its "morning glories" of blooming clouds across the arching trellis of the sky.

The ancients divided their night into four parts—the first watch, from 6 to 9; the second, from 9 to 12; the third, from 12 to 3; and the fourth, from 3 to 6.

I speak now of the city in the third watch, or from 12 to 3 o'clock.

I never weary of looking upon the life and brilliancy of the city in the first watch. That is the hour when the stores are closing. The laboring men, having quitted the scaffolding and the shop, are on their way home. It rejoices me to give them my seat in the city car. They have stood and hammered away all day. Their feet are weary. They are exhausted with the tug of work. They are mostly cheerful. With appetites sharpened on the sixth turn of the wheel and the center's whetstone, they seek the evening meal. The clerks, too, have broken away from the counter, and with brain weary of the long line of figures, and the whims of those who go a-shopping, seek the face of mother, or wife and child. The merchants are unharnessing themselves from their anxieties, on their way up the street. The boys that lock up are heaving away at the shutters, shoving the heavy bolts, and taking a last look at the fire to see that all is safe. The streets are thronged with young men, setting out from the great centers of bargain-making.

Let idlers clear the street and give right of way to the besweated artisans and merchants! They have earned their bread and are now on their way home to get it.

The lights in full jet hang over ten thousand evening repasts—the parents at either end of the table, the children between. Thank God, "who setteth the solitary in families."

A few hours later and all the places of amusement, good and bad, are in full tide. Lovers of art, catalogue in hand, stroll through the galleries and discuss the pictures. The ball-room is resplendent with the rich apparel of those who, on either side of the white, listening boards await the signal from the orchestra. The footlights of the theater flash up; the bell rings, and the curtain rises; and out from the gorgeous scenery glide the actors, greeted with the vociferation of the expectant multitudes. Concert halls are lighted into enchantment with the warble of one songstress, or sweep out on sea of tumultuous feeling by the blast of brass instruments. Drawing-rooms are filled with all gracefulness of apparel, with all sweetness of sound, with all splendor of manner; mirrors are catching up and multiplying the scene, until it seems as if in infinite corridors there were garlanded groups advancing and retreating.

The outdoor air rings with laughter, and with the motley to and fro of thousands on the great promenades. The dashing span adrip with the foam of a long country ride, rushes past as you halt at the curbstone.

Mirth, revelry, beauty, fashion, magnificence mingle in the great metropolitan picture, until the thinking man goes home to think what seriously, and the praying man to pray more earnestly.

A beautiful and overwhelming thing is the city in the first and second watches of the night.

But the clock strikes 12, and the third watch has begun.

The thunder of the city has rolled out of the air. The slightest sounds cut the night with such distinctness as to call for attention. The tinkling of the bell of the street car in the distance, and the baying of the dog. The stamp of a horse in the next street. The slamming of a saloon door, the hiccough of the drunkard. The shrieks of the steam whistle five miles away. O, how suggestive, my friends, the third watch of the night!

There are honest men passing up and down the street. Here is a city missionary who has been carrying a scuttle of coal to that poor family in that dark place. Here is an undertaker going up the steps of a building from which there comes a bitter cry which indicates that the destroying angel has smitten the first born. Here is a minister of religion who has been giving the consolations of the Christian. Here is a physician passing along in great haste, the messenger a few steps ahead hurrying on to the household.

Nearly all the lights have gone out in the dwellings, for it is the third watch of the night. That light in the window is the light of the watcher, for the medicines must be administered, and the fever must be watched, and the restless tossing off of the coverlid, and the ice must be kept on the hot temples, and the perpetual prayer must go up from hearts soon to be broken.

O, the third watch of the night! What a stupendous thought—a whole city at rest! Weary arm preparing for to-morrow's toil. Hot brain being cooled off. Rigid muscles relaxed. Excited nerves soothed. The white hair of the octogenarian in thin drifts across the pillow, fresh fall of flakes on snow already fallen. Childhood with its dimpled hands thrown out on the pillow and with every breath taking in a new store of fun and frolic. Third watch of the night! God's slumberless eye will look. Let one great wave of refreshing slumber roll over the heart of the great town, submerging care, and anxiety, and worriment, and pain.

Let the city sleep. But, my friends, be not deceived. There will be thousands tonight who will not sleep at all.

Go up that dark alley, and be cautious where you tread, lest you fall over the prostrate form of a drunkard lying on his own doorstep. Look about you, lest you feel the garroter's hug. Look through the broken window-pane, and see what you can see. You say, "Nothing." Then listen. What is it? "God help us!" No foot-lights, but tragedy ghastlier and mightier than Kistori, or Edwin Booth ever enacted. No light, no fire, no bread, no hope. Shivering in the cold, they have had no food for twenty-four hours. You say: "Why don't they beg?" They do, but they get nothing. You say: "Why don't they deliver themselves over to the almshouse?" Ah! you would never ask that if you ever heard the bitter cry of a man or a child when told he must go to the almshouse.

"Oh!" you say, "they are vicious poor, and, therefore, they do not deserve our sympathy." Are they vicious? So much more need they our pity. The Christian poor, God helps them. Through their night there twinkles the round, merry star of hope, and though the bread in the window pane they see the crystals of heaven; but the vicious poor, they are more to be pitied. Their last light has gone out. You excuse yourself from helping them by saying they are so bad, they brought this trouble on themselves. I reply, where I give ten preyers for the innocent who are suffering I will give twenty prayers for the guilty who are suffering.

The fisherman, when he sees a vessel dashing into the breakers, comes out from his hut and wraps the warmest flannels around those who are most chilled and most bruised and most battered in the wreck; and I want you to know that these vicious poor have had two shipwrecks—the shipwreck of the body, shipwreck of the soul—shipwreck for time, shipwreck for eternity. Pity, by all means, the innocent who are suffering, but pity more the guilty. Pass on through the alley. Open the door. "O," you say, "it is locked." No, it is not locked. It has never been locked. No burglar would be tempted to go in there to steal anything. The door is never locked. Only a broken chair stands against the door. Shove it back. Go in. Strike a match. Now, look. Beastliness and rags. See those glaring eyeballs. Be careful now what you say. Do not utter an insult, do not utter any suspicion, if you value your life. What is that red mark on the wall? It is the mark of a murderer's hand!

Look at these two eyes rising up out of the darkness and out from the straw in the corner, coming toward you, and as they come near you, your light goes out. Strike another match. Ah! this is a babe, not like those beautiful children presented in baptism. This little one never smiled; it never will smile. A flower flung on an awfully barren beach. Oh! Heavenly Shepherd, fold that little one in thy arms. Wrap around you your shawl or your coat tighter, for the cold wind sweeps through.

Strike another match. Ah! is it possible that that young woman's bruised and scarred face ever was looked into by maternal tenderness? Utter no scorn. Utter no harsh word. No ray of hope has dawned on that brow for many a year. No ray of hope ever will dawn on that brow. But the light has gone out. Do not strike another light. It would be a mockery to kindle another light in such a place as that. Pass out and pass down the street. Our cities of Brooklyn and New York, and all our great homes is full of such homes, and the worst time the third watch of the night.

Do you know it is in this third watch of the night that criminals do their worst work? It is the criminal's watch.

At 8:30 o'clock you will find them in the drinking saloon, but toward 12 o'clock they go to their garrets; they get out their tools; then they start on the street. Watching on either side for the police, they go to their work of darkness. This is a burglar, and the false key will soon touch the store lock. This is an incendiary, and before morning there will be a light on the sky and a cry of "Fire! fire!" This is an assassin, and to-morrow morning there will be a dead body in one of the vacant lots. During the daytime these villains in our cities lounge about, some asleep and some awake, but when the third watch of the night arrives, their eye keen, their brain cool, their arm strong, their foot fleet to pursue, they are ready.

Many of these poor creatures were brought up in that way. They were born in a thieves' garret. Their childish toy was a burglar's dark-lantern. The first thing they remember was their mother bandaging the brow of their father, struck by the police. Then began by robbing boys's pockets, and now they have come to dig the underground passage to the cellar of the bank, and are preparing to blast the gold vault.

Just so long as there are neglected children of the street, just so long we will have these desperadoes. Some one, wishing to make a good Christian point and to quote a passage of scripture, and expecting to get a scriptural answer, said to one of these poor lads, cast out and wretched: "When your father and your mother forsake you who then will take you up?" and the boy said: "The perlice, the perlice!"

In the third watch of the night gambling does its worst work. What though the hours be slipping away, and though the wife be waiting at the cheerless home? Stir up the fire. Bring on more drinks, put up more stakes. That commercial house that only a little while ago put out a sign of copartnership will this winter be wrecked on a gambler's table. There will be many a money-till that will spring aleak. A member of Congress gambled with a member-elect and won $20,000. The old way of getting a living is so slow. The old way of getting a fortune is so stupid. Come, let us toss up and see who shall have it. So the work goes on, from the wheezing wretches pitching pennies in a rum-grocery up to the millionaire gambler in the stock market.

In the third watch of the night pass down the streets of these cities and you hear the click of the dice, the sharp, keen stroke of the ball on the billiard table. At these places merchant princes dismount, and the legislators, tired of making laws, take a respite in breaking them. All classes of people are robbed by this crime—the importer of foreign silks and the dealer in Chatham street pocket handkerchiefs. The clerks of the store take a hand after the shutters are put up, and the officers of the court while away their time while the jury is out.

In Baden Baden, when that city was the greatest of all gambling places on earth, it was no unusual thing the next morning, in the woods around about the city, to find the suspended bodies of suicides. Whatever be the splendor of surroundings, there is no excuse for this crime. The thunders of eternal destruction sleeping in redemption. Ruinable gambling ten-pin alley, and as men come out to join the long procession of sin, all the drums of death beat the death march of a thousand souls.

In one year, in the city of New York, there were $7,000,000 sacrificed at the gaming table. Perhaps some of your friends have been smitten of this sin. Perhaps some of you have been smitten by it.

Perhaps there may be a stranger in the house this morning come from some of the hotels.

Look out for those agents of iniquity who tarry around about the hotels, and ask you: "Would you like to see the city?" "Yes." "Would you like to see the splendid building up town?" "No." Then the villain will undertake to show you what he calls the "lions" and the "elephants," and after a young man, through morbid curiosity, or through badness of soul, has seen the "lions" and the "elephants," he will be on enchanted ground. Look out for these men who move around the hotels with sleek hats—always sleek hats—and patronizing air, and unaccountable interest about your welfare and entertainment. You are a fool if you cannot see through it. They want your money.

In Chestnut street, Philadelphia, while I was living in that city, an incident occurred which was familiar to us there. In Chestnut street a young man went into a gambling saloon, lost all his property, and in blow after blow and before the blood was washed from the floor by the maid, the comrades were shuffling cards again. You see there is more mercy in the high wayman for the belated traveler, on whose body he heaps the stones, there is more mercy in the frost for the flower that it kills, there is more mercy in the hurricane that sweeps the ship on the Long Island coast, than there is mercy in the heart of a gambler for his victim.

In the third watch of the night, also, drunkenness does its worst. The drinking will be respectable at 8 o'clock in the evening, a little flushed at 9, talkative and garrulous at 10, at 11 blasphemous, at 12 the hat falls off, at 1 the man falls to the floor and must have more drink. Strewn through the drinking saloons of the city, fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, as good as you are by nature, perhaps better. In the high circles of society it is hushed up. A merchant prince, if he gets noisy and uncontrollable, is taken by his fellow-revelers, who try to get him to bed, or take him home, where he falls flat in the entry. Do not wake up the children. They have had disgrace enough. Do not let them know it. Hush it up. But sometimes it cannot be hushed up when the rum touches the brain, and the man becomes thoroughly frenzied. Such an one came home, having been absent for some time, and during his absence his wife had died, and she lay in the next room prepared for the obsequies, and he went in and dragged her by the locks, and shook her out of her shroud, and pitched her on the floor.

Oh! when rum touches the brain you can not hush it up. My friends, you see all around about you the need that something radical be done. You do not see the worst. In the midnight meetings at London, a great multitude have been saved. We want a few hundred Christian men and women to come down from the highest circle of society to the lowest, gathering and destitute ones, and kindle up a light in the dark alley, even the gladness of heaven.

Do not go wrapped in your fine furs and from your well-filled tables with the idea that pious talk is going to stop the gnawing of an empty stomach or to warm stockingless feet. Take bread, take raiment, take medicine as well as take prayers. There is a great deal of common sense in what the poor woman said to the city missionary when he was telling her how she ought to love God and serve Him. "Oh!" she said, "if you were as poor and cold as I am, and as hungry, you could think of nothing else."

A great deal of what is called Christian work goes for nothing for the simple reason it is not practical; as after the battle of Antietam a man got out of an ambulance with a bag of tracts, and he went distributing tracts, and George Stuart, one of the best Christian men in this country, said to him: "What are you distributing tracts for now? There are three thousand men bleeding to death. Bind up their wounds, and then distribute the tracts."

We want more common-sense in Christian work, taking the bread of this life in one hand, and the bread of the next life in the other hand. No such inapt work as that done by the Christian man who, during the last war, went into a hospital with tracts, and coming to the bed of a man whose legs had been amputated, gave him a tract on the sin of dancing! I rejoice before God that never are sympathetic words uttered, never a prayer offered, never a Christian almsgiving indulged in but it is blessed.

There is a place in Switzerland, I have been told, where the utterance of one word will bring back a score of echoes; and I have to tell you this morning that a sympathetic word, a kind word, a generous word, a helpful word, uttered in the dark places of the town, will bring back ten thousand echoes from all the thrones of heaven.

Are there in this assemblage this morning those who know by experience the tragedies in the third watch of night? I am not here to thrust you back with one hard word. Take the bandage from your bruised soul, and put on it the soothing salve of Christ's gospel, and of God's compassion. Many have come. I see others coming to God this morning, tired of the sinful life. Cry up the news to heaven. Set all the bells ringing. Spread the banquet under the arches. Let the crowned heads come down and sit at the jubilee. I tell you there is more delight in heaven over one man that gets reformed by the grace of God than over ninety and nine that never got off the track.

I could give you the history, in a minute, of one of the besthriends I ever had. Outside of my own family I never had a better friend. He welcomed me to my home in the West. He was of splendid personal appearance, but he had an ardor of soul and a warmth of affection that made me love him like a brother. I saw men coming out of the saloons and gambling hells, and the surrounded my friend, and they took him at the weak point, his social nature, and I saw him going down, and I had a fair talk with him, for I never yet saw a man you could not talk to on the subject of his habits, if you talk to him in the right way. I said to him: "Why don't you give up your bad habits and become a Christian?" I remember now just how he looked, leaning over his counter, as he replied: "I wish I could. Oh, sir! I should like to be a Christian, but I have gone so far astray I can't get back."

So the time went on. After a while the day of sickness came. I was summoned to his sick bed. I hastened. I was surprised as I went in. I saw him in his ordinary dress, fully dressed, lying on top of the bed. I gave him my hand, and he seized it convulsively, and said: "Oh, how glad I am to see you! Sit down there." I sat down and he said: "Mr. Talmage, just where you sit now my mother sat last night. She has been dead twenty years. Now, I don't want you to think I am out of my mind or that I am superstitious; but, sir, she sat there last night just as certainly as you sit there now—the same cap, and apron, and spectacles. It was my old mother—she sat there. Then he turned to his wife and said: "I wish you would take these strings off the bed; somebody is wrapping strings around me all the time. I wish you would stop that annoyance." She said: "There is nothing here." Then I saw it was delirium. He said: "Just where you sit now my mother sat, and she said: 'Russell, I wish you would do better—I wish you would do better.' I said: 'Mother, I wish I could do better; I try to do better, but I can't. Mother, you used to help me; why can't you help me now?' And, sir, I got out of bed for the moment in agitation, and threw my arms around her neck, and I said: 'Mother, I will do better, but you must help; I can't do this alone.'" I knelt down and prayed. That night his soul went to the Lord that made it.

Arrangements were made for the obsequies. The question was raised whether they should bring the body to the church. Somebody said: "You cannot bring such a dissolute man as that into the church." I said: "You will bring him in church; he stood by me when he was alive, and I will stand by him when he is dead. Bring him." As I stood in the pulpit and saw them carrying the body up the aisle, I felt as if I could weep tears of blood.

On one side the pulpit sat his little child of eight years, a sweet, beautiful little girl that I have seen him hug convulsively in his better moments. He put on her all the jewels, all diamonds, and gave her all pictures and toys, and then he would go away as if hounded by an evil spirit to his cups and the house of shame—a fool to the correction of the stocks. She looked up wonderingly. She knew not what it all meant. She was not old enough to understand the sorrow of an orphan child.

On the other side the pulpit sat the men who had ruined him; they were the men who had poured the wormwood into the orphan's cup; they were the men who had bound him hand and foot. I knew them. How did they seem to feel? Did they weep? No. Did they say, "What a pity so generous a man should be destroyed?" No. Did they sigh repentingly over what they had done? No; they sat there, looking as vultures look at the carcass of a lamb whose heart they have ripped out. So they sat and looked at the coffin-lid, and I told them the judgment of God upon those who had destroyed their fellows. Did they reform? I was told they were in the places of destruction the next night, my friend was laid in Oakwood cemetery, and they blasphemed and they drank. Oh! how merciless men are, especially after they have destroyed you! Do not look to men for comfort or help. Look to God.

But there is a man who will not reform. He says: "I won't reform." Well, then, how many acts are there in a tragedy? I believe five.

Act the first of the tragedy: A young man started off from home, parents and sisters weeping to have him go. Wagon rising over the hill. Farewell kiss flung back. Ring the bell and let the curtain fall.

Act the second: The marriage altar. Full organ. Bright lights. Long white veil trailing through the aisle. Prayer and congratulation, and exclamation of "how well she looks!"

Act the third: A woman waiting for staggering steps. Old garments stuck into the broken window pane. Marks of hardship on the face. The biting of the nails of bloodless fingers. Neglect, and cruelty, and despair. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act the fourth: Three graves in a dark place—grave of the child that died for lack of medicine, grave of the wife that died of a broken heart, grave of the man that died of dissipation. Oh! what a blasted heath with three graves! Plenty of weeds but no flowers. Ring the bell and let the curtain drop.

Act the fifth: A destroyed soul's eternity. No light. No music. No hope. Anguish coiling its serpents around the heart. Blackness of darkness forever. But I can not look any longer. Woe! woe! I close my eyes to this last act of the tragedy. Quick! quick! ring the bell and let the curtain drop. "Rejoice, O young man in thy youth, and let thy heart rejoice in the days of thy youth; but know thou that for all these things God will bring you into judgment." "There is a way that seemeth right to a man, but the end thereof is death."

## HE WILL GO ABROAD.

**Blaine and His Lieutenants Decide to Go to Europe.**

AUGUSTA, Me., May 18.—[Special wire.]—Mr. Blaine, accompanied by Joe Manley, Gov. Bodwell and Attorney General Orville D. Baker, returned here Monday, after nearly a week's trip to Bar Harbor, Mount Desert.

Yesterday it was officially announced, for the first time, that Mr. Blaine has finally decided to go to Europe this summer.

When the party left here last week, Mr. Blaine said that the report that he had engaged passage on a steamer to sail from New York June 8, was untrue. He now, however, says that his plans have been made and that he will go abroad early next month. His decision was made while at Bar Harbor with the well known lieutenants who went with him.

The reason assigned by Mr. Blaine for his trip across the water, is poor health and much needed rest. This, no doubt, is one of the reasons why the Maine statesman will travel. Since his sickness in the West Mr. Blaine has been thoroughly alarmed about his health. At the time he was stricken he lost his courage, and insisted that a physician be sent for from St. Louis. Although he recovered quickly, and Col. Coppinger and his wife urged him to remain at the fort, Mr. Blaine would not listen to them, and hurried back to his home at Augusta. His physicians assured him there was no danger.

Since his return here from the West, Mr. Blaine has taken care to say nothing publicly about his alarm for his health. His family physician drops in to see him nearly every day. A doctor who has talked with Mr. Blaine's physician, and who sees the statesman almost daily, said: "Mr. Blaine is the most frightened man alive, but he is no more sick than I am."

A great deal of what is called Christian work goes for nothing for the simple reason it is not practical; as after the battle of Antietam a man got out of an ambulance with a bag of tracts, and he went distributing tracts, and George Stuart, one of the best Christian men in this country, said to him: "What are you distributing tracts for now? There are three thousand men bleeding to death. Bind up their wounds, and then distribute the tracts."

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# News of the Week.

## O'BRIEN'S LIFE PLACED IN DANGER.

**The Irish Editor Invited and Received Harsh Treatment at the Hands of the Toronto Orangemen—Policemen Worthless.**

TORONTO, May 19.—The incursion of O'Brien, the Irish agitator, seems to have changed the whole face of Canadian politics, and it is thought will have an important bearing on the future of parties and policies in the dominion. The extreme sensitiveness shown at the outset to criticism of any sort, whether of Canadian institutions generally or of Lord Lansdowne's landlordism particularly, where the critic happened

## REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The Sharp jury lacks one of being full.

Gladstone will not visit America this summer.

Forest fires are raging within a few miles of Clarion, Pa.

Fire has destroyed thirteen tenement buildings in Savannah.

The corporation of Dublin has decided not to attend the Jubilee services.

The Society of Friends have commenced their annual meeting in New York.

The Brussels police are arresting the leading agitators in the present labor strike.

Treasurer Hyatt has qualified and formally assumed the duties of his new office.

Mr. Daniel Manning will sail for New York on June 1. His health is much improved.

The Bavarian Diet has been dissolved. Elections for a new Diet will be held on June 21.

Lieutenant-Governor Mason, of Quebec, has resigned his office in consequence of ill health.

The Egyptian convention between England and Turkey has been signed at Constantinople.

Prince Leopold, who has been making a tour of the world has arrived at Southampton, from New York.

The President has appointed John M. Campbell postmaster at Carlisle, Ky., vice W. H. Fritte, resigned.

It is stated that no foreign officers will be invited to witness the maneuvers of the Russian troops this year.

The poet Swinburne has completed a patriotic jubilee ode, which will appear in the *Nineteenth Century* for June.

Hon. Charles E. Stuart, ex-member of Congress and Michigan state senator, has died at Kalamazoo, Mich.

The floods in Hungary are increasing. The city of Grosswardein, on the river Korosa, is partly inundated.

The ninety-ninth general assembly of the Presbyterian church of the United States is in session at Omaha, Neb.

The President has appointed C. M. Stafford to be marshal of the United States for the eastern district of New York.

A dynamite bomb has been exploded under the Police court at Hepburn, Durham county, England, partially destroying the building.

There has been unveiled at Hopkinsville, Ky., the Latham monument, in memory of the Confederate dead in the cemetery of that city.

Citizens and business men of Marshall, Tex., protest vigorously against the suspension of the long and short haul provision of the new commerce law.

At the consistory held in Rome the Pope raised to the cardinalate Monsignor Pallotte and Father Bausa, and preconised several new archbishops.

Lord Hamilton and 70 other Liberal Unionists have seceded from the Eighty club in consequence of the club's approval of Gladstone's Irish policy.

The Cambridge University crew have agreed to row the Harvard College crew if the necessary funds to cover the expenses of the trip to America can be raised.

The secretary of the Treasury has appointed Henry B. Long to be store keeper and gauger in Christian county, Ky., and Geo. P. Durgan, storekeeper at Cincinnati.

The salvation army meetings have been raided and broken up by police at Kansas City, and two patrol wagons. Nineteen members of the organization have been arrested.

The Montreal branch of the Irish National league have invited Editor O'Brien to come to Montreal on Thursday next when there will be a reception and torchlight procession and open air mass-meeting in Chaboillez square.

Clara Kellogg met with an accident at Point Pleasant, N. C. She was standing on a rock when her foot slipped and she fell into the water. She was struck by an immense wave and carried some distance. Miss Kellogg is suffering from the shock.

A delegation of 25 gentlemen, representing the business interests of St. Louis, and including representatives of all branches of the municipal government, have waited on the President and extended to him and Mrs. Cleveland a cordial invitation to visit St. Louis during the fall.

The metal workers of Belgium are joining the strike inaugurated by the miners. Workers in other trades are likely to follow suit. Eighteen thousand persons have struck in the Centre district alone. Troops are being forwarded to prevent the strikers from committing acts of violence.

It is reported that Prince Luitpold, the regent of Bavaria, will receive Emperor Francis Joseph's sanction to assume the Bavarian throne, and that Emperor William's consent has already been obtained. This, it is said, was received when Prince Luitpold visited Berlin recently.

Henry George said, at the meeting of the anti-Poverty society in New York, "You all see in the papers a letter of consolation to the poor abused anarchists. Well, I have seen significant expressions to indicate that the heaviest penalty of the church is to be visited upon the priest who dares do what he deems right. Terrible as that penalty is I believe that he will be true to his convictions of duty."

## THE STATE OF TRADE.

**The Probable Effect of the Inter-State Bill.**

NEW YORK, May 21.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Trade Review says: The most important news of the week, if confirmed, is that the Inter-state commerce commission will revoke all temporary suspensions of the short haul clause, terminating them July 1. A revolution in business must therefore be in progress, until its full effects have been realized. Some of them are seen in the contract taken by the Canadian Pacific to move eastward the wool of California, and 10,000,000 pounds of sugar, and in the marked revival of shipments around the Horn. Others appear in the declines of trade at larger centers of distribution and manufacture, and the increase in distribution at smaller towns, with the upspringing of new manufacturing works in many localities.

For 25 years the railroads have been annihilating the barriers of distance. The new law tends to restore the old barriers. It puts sections, cities and towns further away from each other. Local reports are generally encouraging. Business where it it seemed dull is, in every case, larger than during the same season last year.

A remarkable feature is that money is reported abundant everywhere except in New York and Chicago. The demand is more limited at Detroit and very good at Cleveland. At Nashville the ruling excitement is the sale of lots in the new town west of Nashville, where new iron works will be located.

The increased demand for money from Chicago springs from wheat speculation.

In coffee there has been a large increase with sales of 925,000 bags here, but the rise of 1c. is wholly speculative. The weak point is the decline of 9 per cent. in produce exports for the past three weeks against an increase of 5 per cent. in imports.

The failures during the last seven days are for the United States, 152; for Canada, 28; total, 180, against 167 last week and 182 week previous to last, and 167 for the corresponding week last year.

Failures in the South were very light, and in other sections below the average, except in the Pacific states and in Canada, where casualties are on the increase.

## HENRY GEORGE.

**He Has Entered Into the Coming Campaign With Vigor.**

NEW YORK, May 19.—It is already stated on very good authority that Mr. Henry George's labor party has already begun to prepare for the fall campaign.

The district leaders, with their assistants, are making a house-to-house canvass in the tenement districts, and are said to be largely recruiting their ranks from lukewarm Democrats.

It has been intimated that the object of the whole affair is to swell the labor vote at the approaching election to such an extent that Mr. Henry George could then be in a position to make a profitable deal with James G. Blaine in the Presidential election of 1888.

Henry George was seen at the *Standard* office to day. He said: "You can authoritatively deny that there is any 'deal' or agreement to be made in the future between J. G. Blaine and myself.

"I am opposed to Mr. Blaine. He represents all that I have been fighting against for years—monopoly and the worst form of capitalistic powers.

"I could not be consistent and have any dealings with Mr. Blaine."

"Will there be a labor Presidential candidate in 1888?"

"It is strongly probable that there will be," answered Mr. George.

## SILVER IN INDIANA.

**A Miner Makes a Rich Find Near Brazil.**

TUSCOLA, Ill., May 18.—[Special wire.]—Henry Bobo, an old and experienced miner of Brazil, Ind., who has spent many years in the silver mines of the West, has been prospecting for silver in the hills north of Camargo, five miles east of this city, for some time past.

His search has been rewarded by finding an inch vein of silver-bearing quartz, which he says will pan out handsomely. He is so confident that there is money in working the vein that he has leased nine acres of the hills. The discovery has made quite a commotion in the vicinity.

**Portugal Arming.**

LISBON, May 18.—[Special wire.]—The Portugese government has ordered 4,000 repeating rifles from the arms factory at Steyr, Austria.

**For Woods Place.**

BRENHAM, Tex., May 19.—All the members of the Washington county bar, except one, yesterday united in a petition to Pres. Cleveland, earnestly recommending the appointment of Asa H. Willie, Chief Justice of the Supreme court, as successor to the late State Justice Woods on the supreme bench of the United States.

## LAMAR AND THE LAND.

**The Sharks to be Driven Off—Indemnity Land Grants to be Thrown Open to the Public — Cattle to be Driven Off by Troops, if Necessary Indian Lands.**

WASHINGTON, May 23.—A correspondent has had a conversation with Secretary Lamar, in regard to the question of land reform and Indian reform.

The letter to the President on the revocation of certain indemnity withdrawals is only the first step toward a general revocation of all indemnity withdrawals remaining in all parts of the country, as he stated in his letter in these words: "Steps will be taken in reference to the indemnity lands of other land grant railroads, with a view to the restoration of these lands to settlement (allowing a given and reasonable time to make their selections), as soon as the department is in possession of such information as will enable it to act intelligently in making allowancee to said companies of indemnity lands in lieu of those lost in place."

Secretary Lamar said: "I am, by the habit of my mind, a cautious man, and take pains to inform myself fully of all the circumstances of a case before I begin to act; but when I have begun action I do not turn back nor hesitate, nor delay. I am fully convinced that all the lands which have been withdrawn from settlement at various times to allow the land grant corporations to select indemnity lands from, ought to be reopened without delay and this is what I shall do.

"Every idemnity withdrawal will be reviewed and no without unnecessary delay. My first order on the subject simply clears the ground for the complete action on which I have determined."

"Have you any objection to this being known?"

"Not in the least. I authorize you to say it is from me. No concealment is necessary. Under the laws granting these lands the corporations are and have been entitled for years to select lands in the indemnity limits to make good any losses in their granted limits. But I hold that while the corporations had and have this right, the people had and have at the same time the same right to settle on these lands, under the land laws, and it is just and necessary that this equal right of the people in these lands should be asserted. Hence I shall revoke every indemnity withdrawal and open all indemnity lands to settlement at once.

"Within the granted limits the land grant corporations have certain rights to the exclusion of the people. That is by act of Congress. Within the idemnity limits the corporations have their rights of selection only in common with the people."

"How do you get on with the execution of the Indian severalty law?"

"We are still busy with the preliminaries, which are numerous, as there are many reservations and the circumstances on each are peculiar. That law is one of the most important and beneficent Congress has ever passed. The true way to settle the Indian question is to abolish the Indian bureau. I mean, of course, to pursue such a policy as will result in that."

"I do not anticipate any serious obstacles. The numerous leases of Indian lands by cattlemen I shall sweep away. If they were allowed to subsist, the Indians who have made leases of this kind, for which, as you know, there is no authority of law, would be induced to resist the law of Congress commanding their settlement in severalty. I shall, therefore, give proper notice, presently, that the cattle must be removed and the leases annulled.

"If we have been obliged to use troops to keep settlers out of Indian lands or lands held by agreement for Indian uses, then we may surely use troops if necessary to drive off and keep off cattle, just as I have found it necessary sometimes to employ troops to tear down fences around the public lands. I am not fond of the use of troops, but when the cattle are to go they must go, and while I hope the cattle leasemen will obey in good faith, I shall not hesitate to compel prompt obedience. The law of Congress must be carried out."

## POWDERLY TALKS.

**He Thinks He Sees a Move to Break the Power of the Knights.**

PHILADELPHIA, May 21.—[Special wire.]—T. V. Powderly, who is now in this city says in to-day's issue of the *Journal of United Labor:* In the United States, although sbarcely out of its squatting era, we already have an incipient landed hereditary aristocry which is py no means confined to the bonanza farms of the West, were work is to a great extent done by machinery and a horde of tramp agricultural laborers.

There are in this country over a million and a half of capitalists or speculating owners who have their farms tilled by hired workers.

Nearly 100,000 of these land barons hold from 500 to thousands of acres each. We have 1,000,000 tenant renters, almost as many as there are in Great Britain, cultivating one-fourth of our total farms; and three million three hundred and twenty-four odd thousand wage-workers who do not even rent land.

Of the million and a half of real farmers, who either wholly or in part themselves cultivate their holdings, it is estimated that 40 per cent. have their farms mortgaged to such an extent as really to pay a rent in interest.

In many industries we already have a system of pooling and combination to which the much denounced union tyranny and that of the terrible "walking delegate" can not hold a candle.

Until lately, in all but a few, even the best organized workers could hardly counteract the terror of the ticket-of-leave plan, by virtue of which it was impossible for the black-listed unfortunate to obtain employment.

But the increased influence of the Knights of Labor had no sooner mitigated that oppression and asserted the right of employes to have a voice in fixing their remuneration, than the cry goes up from the employers that we want to manage our own business—no dictation—and the incidental advide is thrown in that workmen should, for their own good, eschew the bosism of brotherhood and become free squires of work."

That means, work and ask no questions. In default, there seems to be a determination to "down" the knights and uproot the organization among workingmen, to make the victory of bosses complete and final.

## THE DYNAMITERS

**Preparing for a Secret Organization in Chicago.**

CHICAGO, May 21.—[Special wire.]—A secret circular purporting to give the latest plan of organization of the International Working People's association, the revolutionary society to which the condemned anarchists belonged, has just been made public.

It recounts the history of the eight condemned men for exercising the right of free speech at a meeting pronounced by Mayor Harrison to be "peaceable"; the conviction of Grottkau, in Milwaukee; the fact that new conspiracy laws have been adopted in several states "for the purpose of intimidating dissatisfied wage workers," and then it quotes the business end of the Merritt conspiracy bill now pending in the Illinois legislature, printing in capital letters the words, "and it shall not be necessary to prove that the person committing the crime was a member of the conspiracy or even heard the speech or read the print."

It adds: "Our oppressors seem determined to adopt European methods. Let us heed the lesson."

The new plan of organization is as follows:

No group is to exceed five in number. After the first five are organized let them select a central organizer and separate again, each individual starting another group of his own numbering five. When a group is reported full let the central organizer go and inspect them and verify the fact. By this system never more than six will come together. The organizer alone becomes familiar with the twenty-five.

Similar twenty-fives can be established, the various central organizers constituting an executive committee of five as a limit, which would give a membership of 125. So on and so on, until the city is honey-combed with groups, into which a detective can penetrate beyond a very limited length. Later a systematic grouping of the different cities will be brought about, and a thorough bureau of correspondence secured.

## HEADED HIM OFF.

**Another Case where the United States Mails Have Been Used for Swindling.**

CHICAGO, May 19.—[Special wire.]—J. S. Fine & Co., 246 State street, have been receiving so much mail matter within the last few weeks that Inspector Ridder investigated the firm and found that it was a swindling firm that promised to send $200 packages of ladies wearing apparel for sale on 40 per cent. commission to any one who would remit $5.

Fine has been stopping at a hotel at the above number, but learning that detectives were after him he fled to Canada. Inspector Ridder has about 150 letters for Fine & Co., nearly all of them containing inclosures.

The remittances will be returned to the senders or forwarded to the dead-letter office.

**An Extra Session.**

CHICAGO, May 19.—[Special wire.]—In conversation with a reporter, last night, Senators Voorhees and Beck expressed the opinion that the President would call an extra session of Congress by October 1, to consider revenue taxation.

## BORDER RUFFIANS.

**The Story of Train Robbery—Twelve Mounted Men, Well Organized, Make Quick Work in Texas—The Amount Stolen Estimated at From $20,000 to $60,000.**

WACO, Tex., May 20.—Passengers on the Missouri Pacific train, which arrived here at 3 o'clock yesterday morning, give the following particulars of the train robbery on the International & Great Northern railroad at McNeil station, fifteen miles from Austin:

Twelve mounted men did the work and they went at it with so much system and their plans worked so well that they secured a large amount of money from the Pacific express company.

Mr. C. W. White, of Waco, who was a passenger on the train, says: "The train left Austin for Waco on time, and when it pulled up at McNeil station, which is at the crossing of the Austin & Northwestern road, it was found that the agent and two gentlemen who intended to take passage on the Missouri train were in charge of twelve robbers who had come to the station well mounted and armed.

"The robbers had rolled a log in front of the engine, and the engineer and fireman were guarded by some of them while the others proceeded to fire into the top of the cars in the train. The passengers were told that if they kept quiet they would not be molested, and they were quiet.

"The robbers fired about 100 shots within coaches to help keep up the quietness of the passengers. Mr. Henry Lauda, of San Antonio, was shot in the hand. A brakeman named white had his cheek and nose grazed by a bullet.

"The robbers made for the express car, which was in charge of A. J. Northacker, and demanded that he open it. He refused to obey their command, and they then broke open the car door and knocked the expressman down. The safe was broken open and robbed. How much money they got no one seems to know. The amount has been variously estimated from $20,000 to $60,000."

Mr. White says the expressman would not or could not tell the amount of money that had been taken. He said to Mr. White: "When I saw the fellows start out with the silver, which was a bulky package, I thought I was safe, but when they returned and commenced looking for currency I knew it was all up with me."

It is supposed from these remarks that the robbers secured a large amount of money. After the robbers had secured the money they told the train men to roll the log off the track and they could go on. Mr. White, before leaving the station, had a talk with the agent, whose name is S. K. Ely.

Mr. Ely says the men came to the station unmasked and took himself and two other men in charge. "One of the men was J. B. Ricketts, and hails from Birmingham, Ala. The robbers also took a fine gold watch and chain from Mr. Ricketts. The robbers took the three men, placed them in a box car, closed the door and put a guard over them.

Mr. White says he asked the agent what kind of looking men they were and he told him that they looked like border ruffians. They were well armed and seemed to understand their business thoroughly.

After robbing the train they mounted their horses and roade away. The train was delayed only about half an hour and came on north. When it arrived at Waco this morning, Northacker, the expressman, was weak from loss of blood and the effects of the blows he received from the robbers, but he continued on his run to Dennison.

## PICKED UP THE TRAIL.

**The Recent Train Robbers Being Run Down by Bloodhounds.**

AUSTIN, Tex., May 20.—[Special wire.]—Deputy U. S. Marshal Rankin returned last night from the scene of the train robbery and reports that with the assistance of bloodhounds the officers got on the trail of the robbers.

It was followed a few miles, when they came upon the camp where the robbers had evidently divided their booty—some $4,000.

Express wrappers were lying around, and the numerous trails leading from the ground showed that the band scattered here.

Mr. Rankin left the sheriff of Williamson county and a large posse still scouring the country, and with the aid or the bloodhounds he thinks they will capture one or more of the robbers.

## SIR TUPPER'S HEAD'S NOT CLEAR.

**The Canadian Minister of Finance is Laboring Under a Fearful Delusion—But then That's English, You Know.**

NEW YORK, May 24.—Sir Charles Tupper, Canadian minister of finance in Canada, at present visiting this city, yesterday expressed his views on matters which interest the public. His first remarks concerned the visit of Mr. O'Brien to Canada, and while he did not go into the subject very extensively, he made his remarks sufficiently pointed.

"One of the advantages which we think the British system has over the American system," he said, "is that both in England and in Canada all parties treat the executive head of the nation as beyond criticism. We attack the responsible ministers of the day in England, and in Canada we do the same thing.

"But," and Sir Charles smiled gravely, "we don't attack the executive head of the country." Forced as circumstances may be, a wage between the two parties they all unite in sustaining the executive head of the country. It naturally follows that we disapprove very strongly—all parties and all classes of us—a departure from that course by anybody coming into the country to attack the queen's representative and that in reference to questions that have no relation to Canada or Canadian affairs.

"At the same times everybody deplores the fact that if Mr. O'Brien had the bad taste and the bad judgment to come to Canada on such a mission, he should not have been made the subject of violence by any interference. Such a thing is a most unusual thing for Canada, as it is a place where the freest speech on all questions is tolerated."

Concerning the question of commercial reciprocity between the United States and Canada, Sir Charles had a great deal to say. "It is very much in the interest of the United States and Canada," he began, "that there should be the freest commercial intercourse between the two countries. Canada is ready and has always been ready to promote that commercial intercourse to the fullest possible extent. But of course we are quite aware that unless we can adopt the United States tariff as between us and England is impracticable.

"I mean that it would be impossible for the United States to consent to a customs union or free trade between Canada and the United, as that would really mean free trade between the United States and England. A complete customs union is simply impracticable. It would be quite impossible for Canada to adopt a tariff so hostile to the mother country.

"I believe that, anxious as is her Majesty's government to avoid the slightest cause of difference with the government of the United States, the time is far distant when the government of England will shrink in the slightest degree from giving fair and candid consideration to whatever the claims to Canada may be.

"I should deeply deplore, and every intelligent Canadian would deeply deplore, any interruption to the commercial relations existing between Canada and this country, but I cannot forget that if the policy of non intercourse were adopted it would lead to the development of those channels of communication which we have ourselves and that the commerce of Canada, which to-day is building up New York—I am speaking of the through traffic—and is building up Boston and Portland, would be carried through exclusively Canadian channels to Canadian ports, and would build up Montreal, Quebec, St. Andrews, St. Johns and Halifax with incredible rapidity. I never expect to see the hour come when a non-intercourse policy is adopted."

## ANARCHY MUST GO.

**Powderly Will Not Have Its Followers in the Knights of Labor.**

CHICAGO, May 19.—[Special wire.]—General Master Workman Powderly, of the Knights of Labor, stopped in Chicago on his return from Denver.

He remained only two hours, which he spent in company with General Worthy Foreman Griffiths. Mr. Powderly said his reception in Denver was most cordial, and when he spoke the Catholic archbishop and nearly all the Protestant clergy were on the platform.

Mr. Griffiths says that Mr. Powderly is determined to weed the anarchists out of the ranks and offered several suggestions touching that point, but what they were Mr. Griffiths declined to state.

**Yellow Fever in Florida.**

WASHINGTON, May 24.—Surgeon General Hamilton, of the Marine Hospital service, said to-day that he received official notice of the existence of yellow fever at Key West, but the situation is not sufficiently grave to call for action on the part of the government.

**The Law is Good.**

ATLANTA, Ga., May 23.—[Special wire.]—Judge Pardee, of the United States Circuit court, holds the Georgia local option law to be constitutional. The case will be appealed to the United States Supreme court.

## A WHOLE TOWN BURNED.

**Five Thousand People Homeless and $2,000,000 Damage.**

CHICAGO, May 21.—The village of Lake Linden, or Torch Lake, Kewenaw county, Mich., is destroyed, and the loss is $2,000,000, with $735,000 insurance.

Before two o'clock the city was a mass of ruins and over 200 buildings had been burned. The only business buildings left was one saloon and one small store.

HOUGHTON, Mich., May 20.—The Lake Linden fire originated in the upper story of the Neuman & Treicase block, breaking out as the whistles blew for noon. In less than two minutes a dense volume of smoke was seen issuing from a hole about the middle of the roof, communicating the flames to Tampico's saloon across the street. In an incredibly short time the whole town seemed one mass of flames. Panic seized every one

The fire department were fifteen minutes in reaching the fire, and were then helpless, the flames having made such headway that no agency of man could be of any avail.

Words fail to picture the awful speed with which the flames swept through the town, families rushing from their homes to the street, saving only the clothes on their backs. No stores are left to furnish supplies. Hancock and Houghton merchants are sending mattrasses and bedding to the homeless people. Everything was dry as tinder from the long drouth and the flames swept clear to the shores of the lake. The town is wiped out.

DAMAGE $3,500,000.

**Both the North and South Peninsulas in Flames.**

DETROIT, May 21.—Specials from various points in the Upper Peninsula say Crystal Falls, a small mining town, 30 miles from Iron Mountain, is in imminent danger of destruction from forest fires.

Iron Mountain, Quinnesic and Norway are out of danger. Along the Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic, west of Marquette, the fires burned themselves out. Baraga and L'Anse are still in danger, but both places have good fire protection.

The detruction of cordwood ties and standing pine is estimated at $3,500,000.

The Southern peninsula is also suffering from the fires. Besides the neighborhood of Cheboggan, the fires are causing considerable destruction in Clare county.

Several million feet of timber have been destroyed. P. J. Gorham's saw mill and a quantity of lumber was burned at Lake City yesterday, causing a loss of $20,000.

## AT HAMMOND'S BAY.

**The Roaring of the Fire Terrible and Everything Laid in Waste.**

CHEBOYGAN, Mich., May 21.—[Special wire.]—Farmers in this county are fighting for their property and their lives and homes from being destroyed.

Immense tracts of log timber are surrounded by fire and the drouth has dried up all the creeks so that mills can hardly be supplied with logs and may have to shut down until the situation is more favorable.

In the vicinity of Hammond's Bay the roaring of the fire is terrible and everything is laid waste in its course.

Unless rain soon comes the loss to farmers and lumbermen in this section will be heavy.

## FROM BLACK RIVER.

**Alarming Reports from Toledo's Rafting Port.**

LACROSS, Wis., May 21.—[Special wire.]—Reports from the east fork of the Black river are alarming as to forest fires, which are spread all across the country, burning standing timber and everything in their path.

No serious individual domages has been done since the destruction of 2,000,000 feet of logs and lumber, but at last accounts the flames were nearing points where great destruction would be inevitable.

On the head of the east fork the landings have not yet been broken on account of the low streams, and the logs are at the mercy of the flames.

**Canon Falls Wiped Out.**

CANON FALLS, Minn., May 21.—[Special wire.]—This city was almost entirely destroyed by fire last night. Twenty-five business houses were destroyed. Only a small portion of the business part is left. Estimated loss, $260,000.

**The Southern Peninsula.**

CHEBOYGAN, Mich, May 21.—The forest fires about here are doing much damage. Yesterday Sibley & Barringer lost 1,500,000 feet of the logs on the runs, and the fire is also in their standing timber. Rain is badly needed. The town is overshadowed with smoke, but no danger is feared.

## CHICAGO WORKMEN.

**They Will Call in the Courts to Settle Their Disputes.**

CHICAGO, May 19.—[Special wire.]—It is asserted this morning that the lockout of the bosses has assumed a new phase, which may end in a very interesting legal controversy.

The leaders of the workmen, directly or indirectly affected by the pending difficulties, have made up their minds to test the legality of the combination of the bosses to prevent the sale of material, and determined efforts are being made to obtain the best legal talent to prosecute their case, if they have any.

In fact, the probability is that counsel have already been obtained and are now looking into the matter. It has been learned that representatives of the various unions of Chicago, and especially of District No. 24, called upon an attorney last Monday, and he declared the case good.

The plan mapped out had been to lay the matter before Mr. Grinnell. The supposition is that the state's attorney can not, even if the bosses become anything illegal, obtain indictments against the bosses, there being no grand jury in session now, and then the labor people intend to procure warrants from a police justice and arrest some of the more prominent bosses.

The attorney was called upon but was non-committal, although admitting that he had been approached on the subject. The labor people are unwilling to talk freely, but promise some sensational developments soon.

The fight will be unparelleled in the history of labor organizations. Ample funds can be secured. The fight is not being made by the bricklayers alone. That organization seems to be inactive. The Trade and Labor assembly, districts 24 and 57 of the Knights of Labor, and the Building Trades' council have taken hold of the matter.

At its next meeting it is said District 57 intends taking steps to see if a claim for damages can not be sustained against the contractors for forcing out of employment men who had no connection with the strike of the bricklayers or bodcarriers. Some owners have already begun proceedings, it is said, against contractors who have failed to furnish material as contracted for.

## HIS OBSTINACY.

**The President's Uncle Credits Him with More Luck than Sense.**

ALBANY, May 20.—Lewis F. Allen, of Buffalo, whose sister was the mother of Grover Cleveland, was among the visitors at the capitol to day. He is a strong-looking old man, with gray hair and deep-set, sharp eyes. A tall and lean man, although muscular, he is obviously not of the physical type of the President. They are not all broad shouldered and plethoric men that come from Buffalo. Mr. Allen strolled into the Assembly chamber and there encountered Assemblyman who was proud to introduce "the uncle of the President" to his fellow-members.

"Have you been on to Washington lately, Mr. Allen?" inquired an Assemblyman.

"No; and I have not exchanged a word with the President in four years," answered Mr. Allen.

"The President must have been a smart man to get that office," said the Assemblyman.

"He has not more than ordinary ability," replied Mr. Allen, to the astonishment of his auditor, "but he has had lots of luck. He happened to have the right side of his dish up when it rained porridge. He has had better fortune at Washington than I thought he would have. I believed that a lot of shyster lawyers would get around him and run him, but they haven't. He has been independent and I like him for that. I suspect his obstinacy of disposition has served him well. He gets that from his father—the Clevelands were an obstinate race."

**The Welcome Rain.**

CHICAGO, May 24.—The recent rains throughout the northwest have extinguished most of the forest fires which have been raging in Wisconson and Michigan with such destructive violence of late.

The pastures and crops which were suffering severely from the effects of the drough have been greatly benefitted.

**Will Leave Thursday.**

WASHINGTON, May 24.—According to present arrangements the President and party will leave Washington Thursday evening in a special car of the Pennsylvania road, and proceed direct to Saranac lake in the Adirondacks, making only the necessary stops on the route.

## O'BRIEN SHOT AT.

**The Toronto Mob Followed Him to Hamilton and Attempted to Assassinate Him.**

HAMILTON, Ont., May 24.—Mr. O'Brien met with a reception here which threw everything that has occurred up to the present time in the shade. At the station, with hats off, was a vast body of men, packed so closely that passage could not be made for some minutes. Thunderous cheers, louder and louder, went up. "You're not in Kingston," cried one. "No, nor in Toronto," shouted another. After having his arm nearly shaken off, Mr. O'Brien managed to escape to a carriage, and finally the procession of carriages proceeded to the Royal Hotel.

They were saluted with cheers along the whole route. A meeting was held at 8 o'clock in the Palace Rink, Jackson street, capable of holding 2,000 persons. Mr. O'Brien begged the indulgence of the audience on account of his condition, and proceeded to speak with such force as he had, covering the same ground heretofore covered.

A crowd of Orangemen, several hundred strong, collected at Jackson street, opposite the rink, just as at Kingston, while the meeting was going on. The chief of police drove them away and allowed no one to stand on the block. Mr. O'Brien's bodyguard in Hamilton was organized in reality but the work was to come—another attack was made upon O'Brien, this time with firearms.

Mr. O'Brien was sitting down after having made a speech in return for a vote of thanks passed. Kilbride was on his feet engaged in a like task. Just then a man was observed leaning over and whispering something in O'Brien's ear. O'Brien shook his head and it excited the audience. It was the advice of a friend to escape to his carriage by the back way and go to the hotel. He at last assented and went.

As they whipped up the horses and faced for the hotel, a crowd suddenly appeared and set up the usual hissing and groaning. Men who hissed and groaned followed the carriage, and as it wheeled into the market square there was a flash. The reins dropped out of John Nelson's hands, and with the exclamation, "Oh, my God, I'm shot!" he fell forward on the seat. Crash! crash! crash! quick as lightning, speed the bullets from two revolvers until eight shots had been fired. T. P. O'Brien, Nelson's companion, grasped the reins and lashed the horses through the square into James street to the hotel. Here there was a large crowd who again hooted. The party stepped into the corridor of the hotel when a volley of rotten eggs was hurled at them, but no one was hurt.

Nelson's wound is on the left wrist. No arrests have been made as yet. Many express the opinion (including the chief of police) that the men who fired came from Toronto.

## THEY CALLED A HALT.

**They Draw the Line Between Preaching and Blackguardism.**

NEW YORK, May 18.—[Special wire.]—The citizens of Parkridge, N. J., with James Beech, the storekeeper, of Nassau street, this city, at their head, have determined to rid that little town of two eccentric evangelists, the Rev. Messrs. Switzer and Mason, now laboring in something of a Salvation Army style to convert it to a red-shirted state of righteousness.

A professional white washer has been engaged, several barrels of tar have been bought, two feather mattresses have been ripped up, and if the revivalists do not beat a retreat before to-morrow night, they will be treated, so Stationer Leach and other Parkridgians say, to a tar and feather, old-fashioned coat of tar and feathers, trimmed as neatly as an ante-bellum abolitionists down in Georgia or South Carolina.

The trouble between Leach and the two evangelists is a long story. Last Sunday night Leach dropped into their meeting. Mr. Mason was preaching a sermon. He called Mr. Leach hard names and said that he had been bringing the young men of the town up as devils for the last thirteen years.

Mr. Leach lost his temper finally under the tongue lashing, as he thought it, and got up and called the Rev. Mr. Mason a "liar and a blackguard."

He mounted the platform and pulled the Rev. Mr. Mason's beard, and then knocked the Rev. Mr. Switzer over. The crowd came and began to hustle the Rev. Mr. Mason toward the street. Once in the street the cry was raised, and the Rev. Mr. Mason was rushed off towards the nearest mill pond.

A ducking was imminent, when two or three of the more conservative citizens took a hand and got the unhappy revivalist off on a promise that he would leave the town.

## GEORGE AND MCGLYNN.

**The Pope's Letter to Archbishop Corrigan —Interesting Facts.**

NEW YORK, May 24.—[Special wire.]—Archbishop Corrigan's secretary, the Rev Dr. McDonnell, said to a reporter that accompanying the letter from the Pope to Archbishop Corrigan there was a special letter to Dr. McGlynn. The letter, Dr. McDonnell said, refers to Dr. McGlynn's disobedience to Archbishop Corrigan and his neglect to obey the summons of the Pope of January 7, which, the letter says, would be in itself sufficient to justify the ecclesiatical authorities in inflicting a severe penalty on him.

Dr. McGlynn's conduct, however, had received the fullest consideration, and the letter says that he is peremptorily summoned, once for all, to proceed to Rome within 40 days. His failure to obey will be the penalty of excommunication, *ipso facto et nominatim*—that is that his name will be mentioned for excommunication and without further preliminaries.

The letter closes with expressions of fervent hope that Dr McGlynn will be mindful of his duty to the church, and obey the summons. Dr. McDonnell said that there were many versions of how the Pope arrived at his determination in the premises, but that the true one is this:

Three sets of the works of Henry George were sent to Rome last September. They were examined by two competent theologians, both thoroughly conversant with the English language. After an exhaustive examination of the books, the two theologians made their report.

In addition to the books, copies of the leading morning papers of New York, and later, copies of the *Standard* were sent to Rome from time to time, and still later, a commission was appointed to examine the whole matter. The action of the Pope has thus resulted from a knowledge of the true condition of the matter.

Having every means of knowing the situation, he has been able to consider the series of facts from the beginning, and the result is his autograph letter to Archbishop Corrigan and the admonition sent to Dr. McGlynn. Dr. McGlynn said that he had made up his mind to pay no attention to the Pope's letter to Archbishop Corrigan.

## BAPTISTS IN CONVENTION.

**One Thousand Delegates to Assemble in Minneapolis.**

MINNEAPOLIS, May 24.—[Special wire.]—The preparations for the Baptist anniversaries are complete. The committee on entertainment have received letters from 700 delegates announcing that they will certainly be present, and each mail brings dozens of letters stating that there will be additional delegates. No doubt the number will reach 1,000.

The majority will not arrive before Wednesday morning. Thursday morning at 7:30 the New England Baptist special train will arrive with 200 delegates.

The foremost Baptists in the country will be in attendance, among them Dr. Brodus, president of the Louisville Theological Seminary; Dr. Gordon, Dr. P. S. Moxton, Rev. R. G. Seymour and Rev. F. D. Morgan, notable Boston pastors; Dr. Fulton, of New York; President Dodge, of Madison University, at Hamilton, N. Y.; Prof. Spear, of the same institution; Prof. True, of the Rochester Theological Seminary; Prof. Hurlburt, of the Morgan Park Seminary; Judge Wayland, of New Haven; Dr. H. L. Wayland, of Philadelphia, editor of the *National Baptist*, and J. A. Freiday, of Upper Burmah.

There are eight fraternal delegates from the Southern conference, of whom Dr. Brodus is one. The convention opens today at the First Baptist church, where all meetings will be held. The anniversary opens with the annual meeting of the Women's Home Missionary society of the Baptist church.

## TEXAS TRAIN ROBBERS.

**An Express Car Made to Suffer—The Mails Unmolested.**

AUSTIN, Tex., May 19.—Passenger train No. 59, on the International & Great Northern road, was stopped last evening at McNeill Station, a few miles north of here, by fifteen or twenty robbers, who robbed the express car.

Some fifty shots were fired, and one man was slightly wounded in the hand. Another report says two men were killed. Fifty mounted and armed men are leaving here for McNeil. It is said that were fifteen men in the party.

They first captured the operator before the arrival of the train and as soon as the train drew in boarded it, attacking the engineer and express messenger.

The express was robbed but the amount taken is not ascertained. The mails were not touched. The passengers were held up and a considerable amount taken.

## THE CHIEF MUGWUMP.

**Posing as a "J. N." He Proceeds to Remove the Pressure.**

NEW YORK, May 24.—[Special wire.]—The Commonwealth club gave its monthly dinner last night at the Metropolitan hotel. About 150 gentlemen were present. D. Willis James presided. On his right sat George William Curtis, and on his left Orlando B. Potter. It was a few minutes after 9 o'clock when Mr. James called the assembly to order and introduced the orator of the evening, George William Curtis, who was to speak upon the "Political situation."

Mr. Curtis referred to his presence at the first meeting of the club, and to the general principles upon which its existence was based. He went on to say:

Here is a club, composed of gentlemen of all parties, who entertain different views of all public questions. I know very well the charm of party association. I have myself stepped to the party drum-beat. I am prouder of nothing than of my connection with that party which, if it seems to me, has done more for human liberty and for popular interest than any other party in the history of the English-speaking race. [Applause.]

But important as party is, there is one thing still more important, and that is a manly, reasonable American independence of party. George Washington, the purest of patriots, warned us that mere party spirit was an ignoble and debasing impulse of public action, not a lofty and ennobling influence; that mere party spirit is a fierce, a mischievous fire, while party principle is a steady creative heat. The one principle upon which this club is formed is that of Civil Service Reform, because one of the chief objects of that reform is the restoration of a party in a republic to its legitimate function.

When I first took part in the politics of this country it was in the midst of a tremendous controversy. The issues were vital and overpowering. The questions appealed to the honest and conscientious of the people of this country. But the business of parties now is to carry the election. The office of a party association to-day, and of party organs is, that of the old fire ladies in New York and of the machine "to whoop her up." [Laughter.]

I have seen recently that if Mr. Cleveland should be nominated next year he is already as good as elected. [Applause.] I have seen that if Mr. Blaine should be nominated next year he is virtually in the White House [applause], and I have seen that if Governor Hill should be selected by his party he would run like a cyclone [laughter], and I have seen that if Mr. Sherman should be nominated he would sweep the country [applause], and furthermore I have seen that if Mr. Blaine and Mr. Cleveland should be nominated Hill would both be defeated. [Laughter.]

Now, I want to say that the situation is something like that of the husband whose wife asked him when he came in to tell her what kind of a time he had had. Mistaken by mistake the closet door, and replied, "the night is exceedingly dark, and smells very strongly of cheese." [Laughter.]

Now, the thing that strikes an observer, who is certainly not a Democrat [applause], and who is certainly disowned by the Republicans [laughter], is that this is a very sad condition, and one of which that wise remark of Mr. Emerson: "Even hell has its extreme satisfaction." [Laughter.] The great parties are